SURFING MAGAZINE

ISSUE #09 2015

DITCH YOUR JOB,

YOUR GIRL

UNSETTLE DOWN

AND THE SAFE LIFE

TEN THE ENTHUSIAST NETWORK

There are no white knuckles for the enlightened. **Owen Wright** lets go and finds Nirvana, Australia. **PHOTO: COREY WILSON**

3 WAYS TO CHASE A WORLD OF WAVES WITH...

RYAN CALLINAN:

Grind contests *and* freesurf year-round

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COREY WILSON:

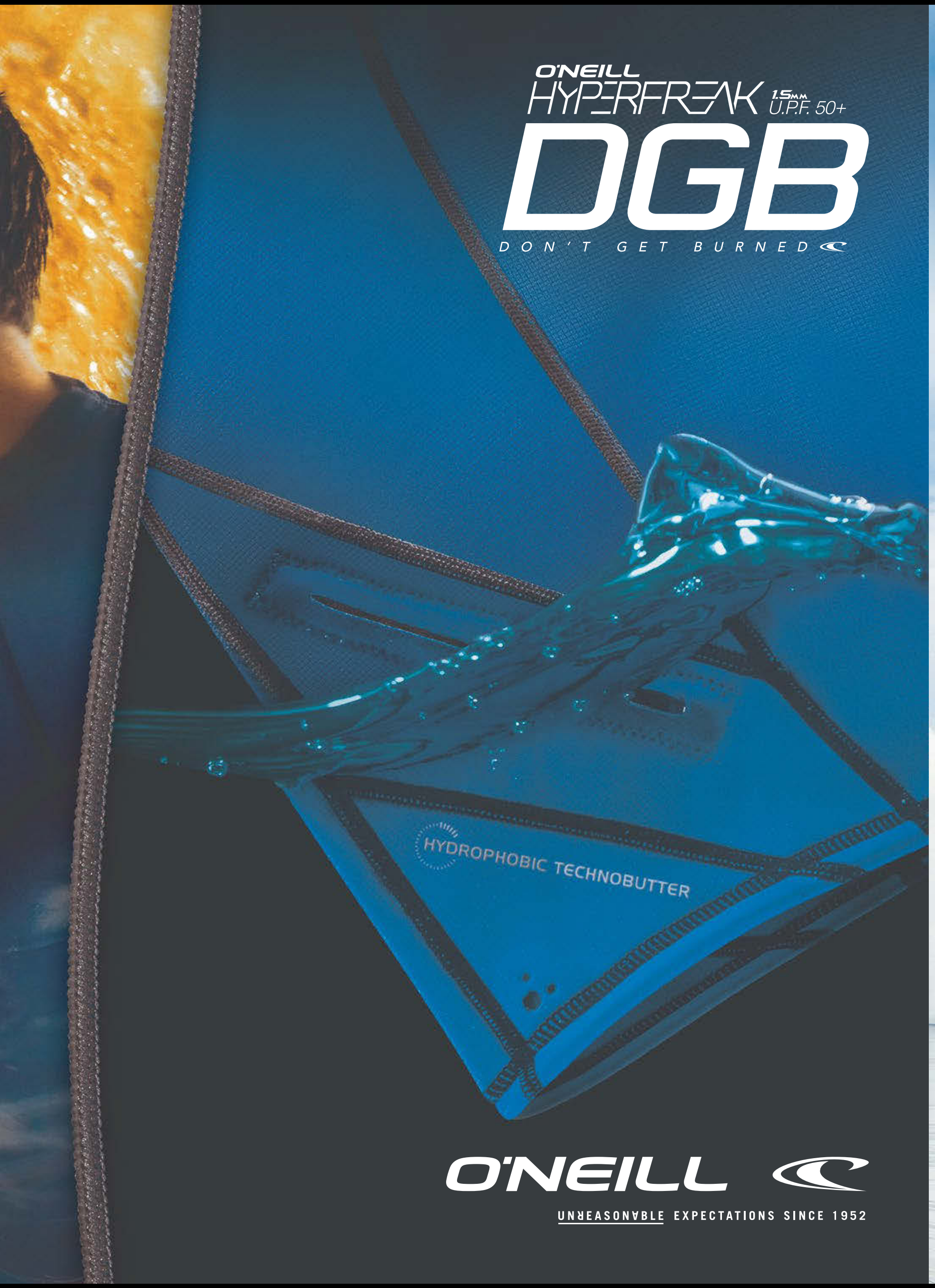
Plan nothing and say yes to everything

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AND...YOU:

Are you ready to unsettle down?

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PUSH BACK

I just spent two days getting tubed at Keramas and got towed into (the best sort of) trouble on my last night out. Today, it's time to go home. My bags are packed. My trip is complete.

The SURFING Factory in Bali (more on that next month) will continue churning out content from all over Indonesia for the next 10 days. Will I miss it? Of course. Outside the sliding glass doors that lead to the second-story balcony of our beachfront villa, I watch Chippa Wilson spin a backside Indy three off a chest-high ramp, while Conner Coffin lounges in the shallow end of our pool, gripping a Bintang with one hand and a pretty girl with the other. Downstairs, Eric Geiselman is getting a massage and Matt Wilkinson's girlfriend, Anna, just walked onto the pool deck with a dark-skinned friend. *Why am I going back to the office?*

My phone vibrates in my pocket. A text: *China*

Safe to say, car payments, emails and "real life" are the last things on Lapo Coutinho's mind at this moment. Unhitched but never more locked in at Puerto. PHOTO: SETH DE ROULET



PHOTOS: SETH DE ROULET

PUSH BACK

Air update for flight 1180, Denpasar, Bali to Taipei, Taiwan. Delayed until 7:40 p.m.

A two-hour delay. No reason to head off to the airport just yet. Instead, I open my computer and download Beau Flemister's essay ["Unsettle Down" on Pg. 72]. It's a great distraction from my seductive surroundings, but his words aren't making me feel better about leaving. Not with lines like this: "If another swell is coming, change your ticket, stay longer. You can always go home, but you might not always be able to come back."

I open up Buoyweather to have a quick look at the charts, and there it is: a new SW swell, arriving in three days. On cue, SURFING photog Corey Wilson rushes into the room. "Zander! You're still here! Wilko said there's another swell in a few days. You can't leave."

I tell him that I have to, "because of real life...and a deadline... and other shit." I am not very convincing and Corey is baffled. He crinkles his forehead and stares at me like I'm crazy. Maybe I am.

"Real life?" he asks. "Uhh, is real life better than this?" He gestures to everything and everything is pretty much perfect.

Beau's words echo in my mind. *You might not always be able to come back.* I look at Corey and I'm reminded of the profile Taylor Paul penned about him ["The Charmed Life of Corey Steven Wilson," Pg. 82] for the very issue I'm rushing home to finish. In it, Taylor writes, "Things always just 'pop up' for Corey because he plans nothing and says yes to everything." Corey's charmed life is by design, not accident. And it is, as you'll read in the following pages, the most fun.

The real world has a way of grounding us. Of imposing its norms and values on us. Maybe even pushing us around a bit. Well, this issue is about pushing back. It's about wanderlust and fun and the endless possibilities that come with being unsettled. It's about changing your ticket.

I call China Air and reschedule my flight. Unpack my boardbag. High-five Corey. (It makes him "the happiest.") I swap pants for boardshorts and walk downstairs to the pool, where Anna introduces me to her friend.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," she says, with a warm smile. "How long are you staying in Bali for?" **—Zander Morton**




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PIT CREW

JACK TAYLOR

When we approached Ryan Callinan about collaborating for a SURFING profile, Ryan quickly grabbed his filmer (and friend), Jack Taylor, and the two (along with photographer Troy Simpson) set off down the coast from Ryan's Newcastle, Australia, home. Fast-forward two weeks and Ryan was in our Carlsbad, CA, office dropping off Jack's hard drive filled with clips from their trip. Marked, ordered and colored by Jack. Eight minutes of A-plus everything. And the best part? Even though they had plenty for his profile ["Performance Guy" Pg. 92] and online short, Jack was adamant about doing another trip to round it all out and film with his new RED. We thank you, Jack. And when you see Ryan's edit on our website, you will, too.

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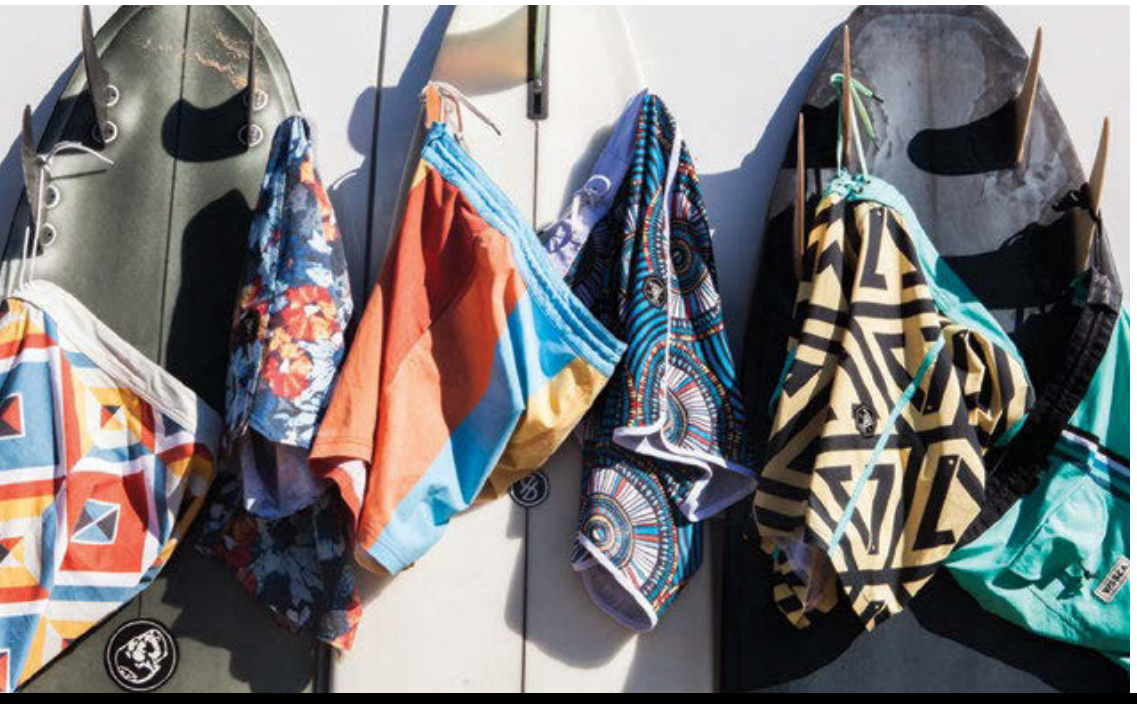
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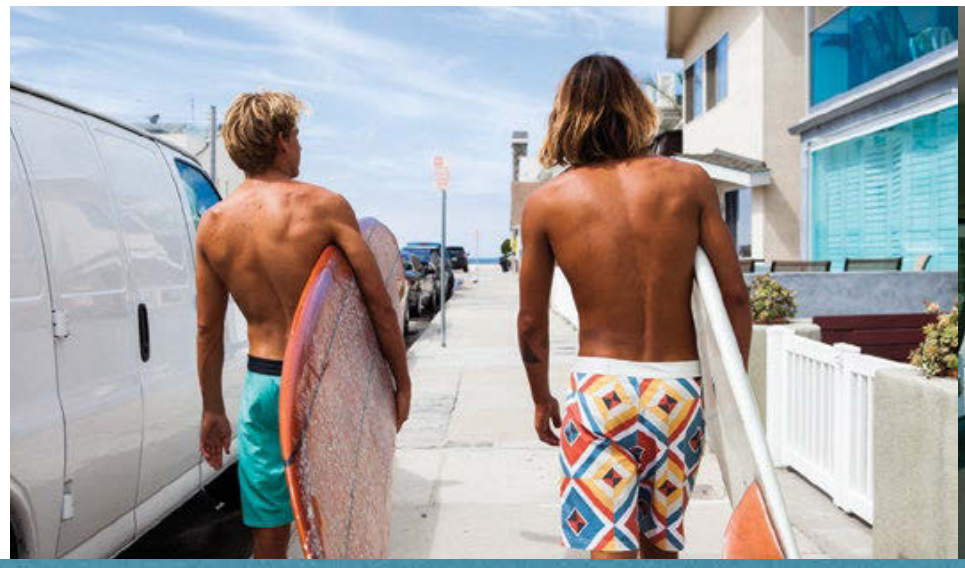
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Clockwise from action: Brendon Gibbens, Bryce Young, Corey Colapinto, Derrick Disney.











WHEN I'M SIXTY-FOUR

By Brendan Buckley

SATURDAY. Half past noon. Locally popular San Diego reef. The future just looked me in the eye.

The future was there, sitting 20 feet farther out than right now. He wore a wetsuit that was half black and half torn. Beneath it was a gut that jutted out as if a Budweiser Clydesdale had a camel's hump. The skin of his face looked like broiled ham marinated with gooey white sunscreen, and beneath that there was a coffee-breath scowl. The future sat so far out so that he could catch the next set or at least paddle for and miss the next set and splash water. In the rare instance that his paddling efforts were met with success, there was a certain apathy about the way the future rode waves. It was as if his rail was set on train tracks...

Well, maybe he wasn't *the* future. But he might be my future.

I've come to the realization that I'll never stop surfing. And not because bro brah bruh and I want to get a shark tattooed on my calf and wear Quiksilver boardshorts with flip-flops to my own funeral. It's because I wouldn't be the same without it. Surfing is a distraction that I need in my life, and one that both my physical and mental well-being would wither without.



So I've realized that I'll never stop surfing. But I've also realized that age is bitchfully incessant and that I'll get older. And older. And older. And then one day I'll be old.

I'm terrified of being old. I see old people all the time and it looks miserable. They drive like shit. Then they park like shit and cane around the streets in a daze, confused and angry at everything. Sometimes, I wonder if being dead is better than being old.

But I don't want to die, so I guess I'll be old. And for the sake of sanity, I will surf. So I will be an old surfer. But what kind of old surfer will I be?

There are different flavors of old — Saturday's example was just one of many. There's also the ripper old guy who rides a 6'2" Roberts and still surfs every wave like he's trying to beat somebody or anybody at anything or something. Then there's the acid old guy, who hoots everyone in and waits for waves while clutching his rails like he's the sole proprietor of the last shard of reality left in the whole entire world. The grumpy one who sucks at surfing and makes you wonder how long he's actually been doing it. In my hometown, there was even a guy who would sit out there and "Yow-zah" nonstop. I pray I won't become him.

So many flavors, and none of them seem appealing to me. But maybe it's just an acquired taste.

I'm 25 now, and my 25-year-old life would have seemed like some colorful version of hell when I was younger. I have a dog and I have to feed it. I have a girlfriend and sometimes I have to feed her too. I pay bills, I live far away from my family and childhood friends, I work in an office and my stomach threatens to bulge with each passing beer. But I'm here. And more importantly, I'm happy. Like I always have been.

When I was 6, I embraced being 6. I began surfing, began obsessing with it. I also tried eating a bumblebee and broke a bone in my leg while attempting to jump over some sort of a tent. The hospital embraced my being 6 too.

When I was 12, I embraced being 12. I called chest-high waves "7-feet" and wore my wetsuit until the Antarcticas of my skin became red and swollen. I also used my few whiskers of armpit hair to establish myself at the apex of the pre-teen social hierarchy.

When I was 19, I embraced being 19. I got blackout drunk, then woke up at 6 a.m. and surfed for four hours straight because what the f--k is a hangover? I was also largely unappreciative of everything, but pretty good at social media.

Like I said, I'm 25 now. Paying bills, feeding things, working, physically softening, doing all the things that would have terrified the me that excelled at social media. Maybe getting old isn't so awful. Maybe you just have to embrace it.

One day, I'll be in my 30s and I'll have a baby who screams and cries and produces awful odors. My freedom will deteriorate, so will my cutback, and I'll still smile. In my 40s, I'll go on surf trips with boards that have less than flattering outlines and in my 50s, I'll snort Viagra. I'll surf through my 60s and if my body ever quits on me, I'll drink whiskey on my front porch and watch as the people with the nice hips come strolling by. I will embrace every sip of it.

It's still Saturday, 12:45 now, and a set comes in. The future and his steamboat catch it three miles before it starts to break and he sets his rail on his traintrack line. I decide to swing behind him on my 5'2". I climb his foam and ditch my fins on the section he avoided. I did it because I'm 25, my knees still work and I felt like it.

Plus, I know that when I'm his age, I'll get to burn a bunch of young pricks.

Illustration by Noa Emberson

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The Internet is filled with superlatives, with boys who cry wolf. “This is your new favorite surfer! The best edit of the year! Biggest waves…ever?” With every page you visit, click-bait is lurking. Here *fishy, fishy, fishy*. But when Matt Meola released his 6 minute 24 second opus, *Home*, SURFING had no shame in making some bold claims. Not only was it a masterpiece of surfing, cinematography and editing, but the 5:55 mark revealed quite literally the best air we’d ever seen. Matt calls it the “spindle 540,” and he talked with us about it before and after the release of *Home*. Hide your sheep, this is Matt Meola, wolf. **—Taylor Paul**



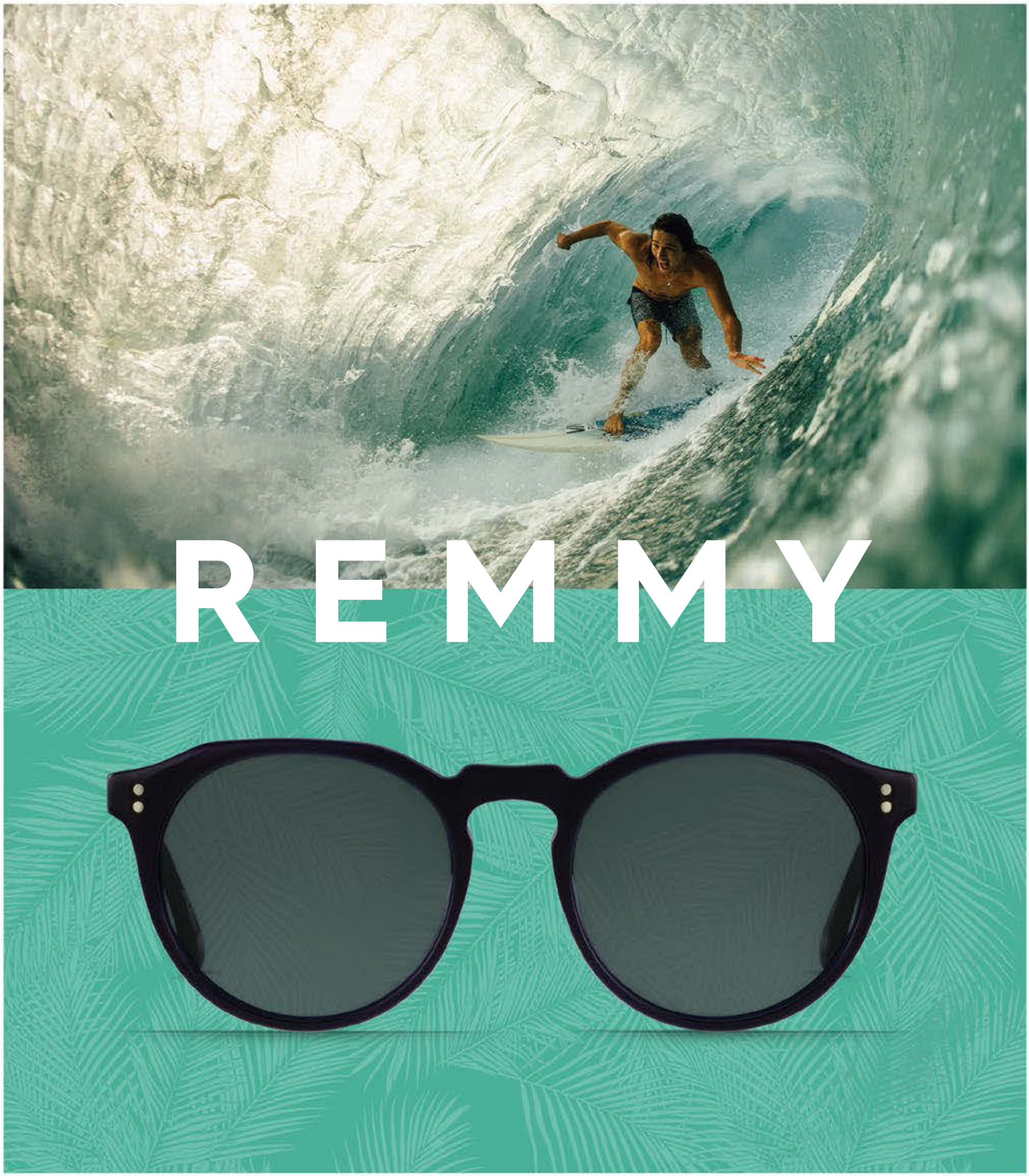
SPEAK EASY WITH

Matt Meola

SURFING: Let’s start with the beginning. What happened on this day [see the sequence on the following page]? **MATT MEOLA:** Well, it was kind of two days. Kai Barger and I drove out to that wave and we were the only ones out. We surfed all day and I didn’t get a single clip, while Kai had one of the best sessions of his life. I was so frustrated. We went back the next day and the same thing started happening — I couldn’t pull anything. Kai went in, but I decided to stay out until I at least got one clip. I was just trying, trying, trying and getting so angry; I felt like I was going to burst a blood vessel in my brain [laughs]. Finally that wave came in and I hit the



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Matt Meola, 540 degrees of wow on Maui. SEQUENCE COURTESY: JON SPENSER

section and did that and I just freaked out.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TRYING THIS? I did this move a few years back and I called it a "spindle flip," which is the first part of that move without the extra 180 degrees. I noticed that with that move, if you go high enough, you can spin 540. I've only done it out the back of the wave and never really thought that you could do it into the wave. Albee started trying it after seeing me do the spindle. We talked about it and he thought you could spin it 540 and I was like, "I don't know, it's pretty much impossible to land back in the wave."

WHEN YOU DID THE SPINDLE 540 ON THIS WAVE, WAS IT PRECONCEIVED OR MORE INSTINCTUAL? It was preconceived in the sense that I've thought about it and knew the 540 rotation was possible, but that particular one was totally instinctual. I had no plans of trying that move on that section. I was just going to try a normal backflip, but when I hit the section I did more of a corkscrew rotation and had to mentally adjust to try and make it happen. I wasn't trying to do the 540 rotation that time; it was just such a good wave and the wind was perfect — it just boosted me high enough to do it.

ALL THE ELEMENTS JUST CAME TOGETHER. Yeah. It's a pretty gnarly wave. Super powerful. Not your typical California air-wave. You go mach speed into these huge sections, but it's hard to land anything because the wave just moves so fast along the reef. Anyway, I hit it and got the grab and it kinda whipped me into that rotation and next thing I knew I was coming down and







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This is what a "normal" rotation looks like for Matt. Going through the motions on Maui. PHOTO: BRENT BIELMANN

landed backward and was going straight and I was like, "Ohhhhhh!" I immediately went full helium arms, I had no control, I just had to claim it.

ALBEE SAID HE'D BEEN TRYING THAT ONE FOR A WHILE. DOES IT FEEL GOOD TO BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH? It felt good to do the move. I guess it's cool that I landed it first, but if he woulda pulled it I woulda been super stoked for him. I don't know. I'm not that competitive. I like to see my friends rip and do new stuff.

DO YOU THINK THIS IS A MOVE THAT PEOPLE WILL BE TRYING AND LANDING IN THE FUTURE? I hope so. It'd be cool if it was a move that caught on and people were trying. I mean, you need a pretty good wave to do it. It has to be the right conditions, which is always the trouble in surfing. You can't just go out and try whatever move you want. You have to be in the right place.

WHAT ARE THE RIGHT CONDITIONS? You need good air wind. I like straight side shore, but sideshore with just a hint of offshore is ideal for this rotation because when you rotate you start spinning toward the beach. You need the wave to be super punchy and have a good ramp.

DO YOU THINK IT'D BE POSSIBLE WITHOUT THE DOUBLE GRAB? No. Spinning that fast, there's this weird torque that happens that if you're not double grabbing, the board will just fly away and you won't get that same whip.

YOU NEED EVERYTHING TO BE TIGHT IN ORDER TO SPIN THAT FAST, RIGHT? Yeah, it's all about keeping your board close to you and the double grab helps you stay close. I think you could do a normal 540 with a single grab, no grab, whatever. But the double grab helps you when you're upside down. It keeps your momentum going in the rotation.

DO YOU THINK THAT THIS IS THE BEST AIR THAT'S EVER BEEN DONE? [pause] I'd like to think so...I mean, Kelly's air was really sick, but...when Kelly did his 540 I was like, "Oh, man," 'cause I was trying that air for so long. But then it was like, well, the only way to better it is to do something like that with a flip, or get upside down or something. I don't know, I'd like to think it was one of the best airs done. That's what Albee and John John told me.

CAN YOU TALK A LITTLE ABOUT THE MINDF--K OF SITTING ON THIS CLIP AND TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO RELEASE IT? Right. Well, I did the move and I was so amped and it was just this big celebration, but then it got stressful. I had so many people calling me, like, "How are you releasing it? What are you going to do with it?" And it never even crossed my mind before, I was just stoked I did the move. Then I had to start thinking about, "Oh shit, what's the smartest way to do this?" It was a trip. All of a sudden I was stressed out over it and it's like, that's the last thing you want to feel after accomplishing something like that. John John wanted me to put it in his movie and then you guys called me and then *Stab* called me and



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PHOTO: LILY MEOLA

Surfline wanted it and then I was like, "Whoa, wait a minute...I kinda want it."

Did you do anything to celebrate? It's funny. Me and Albee and our group of friends have this deal that if any of us do something super crazy, we're all getting a hotel room that night and partying. 'Cause we don't do contests so we can't go party after a big win or anything. But it has to be something crazy, and that was one of the moves where we'd get a room. But I did it and Albee was gone, so I think this week when everyone is back in town we're going to get a room and all party together.

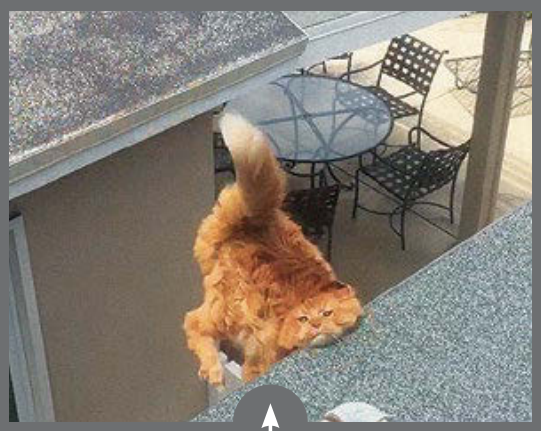
Afterword...

Tell me about the reaction you got after you posted Home. It was just a big Instagram explosion. It was pretty wild. Within a couple minutes of you guys posting it I got more comments than I'd had on anything in my whole life. Then everyone reposted it. My phone was just blowing up with notifications.

How many views did the edit end up getting? Oh man, I don't even know. The last I checked, which was kinda a long time ago, we were close to 300k and Vimeo had given it a "Staff Pick," which was really sick.

Did you ever have the hotel party? No, Albee came back for like two days and it never ended up happening. I was pretty bummed on that [laughs]. I'm still down to do it, but Albee is always in California these days and I feel wrong doing it without him because it was an agreement between me, him and Kai. I think it'd be weird if me and Kai got a room [laughs].

CORE SCORE





KITES	BEST PRACTICES
STRAIGHT AIRS	"WELL, DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ASK"
6 A.M., NO DRUGS	METHANOL SHOTS
"I GOT THIS"	TAMPA BAY
SOUTH AFRICAN ACCENT	SHARING SCREENS
@THEROADSODA	SUMMER HOURS
CHARM RAMPAGE	ICEBERG LETTUCE
GETTING KICKED OUT OF AN AMBULANCE	OLD MONEY
BIDETS	FAKE BOOBS
STUMPING GOOGLE	POTENTIAL JOKES
IRRESPONSIBLE GARAGE SALES	PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE INSTAGRAMS
KICKFLIP QUESTS	DANDRUFF
HOMEMADE FIREWORKS	"SPARE ME"
GREG NOLL	DECAF ANYTHING

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PHOTO: MIKE RILEY

CLAY MARZO'S MAD CAT
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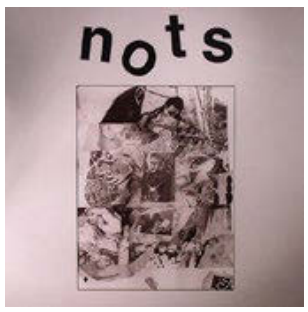
El Cajon Boulevard is sound asleep, save for the muffled beats pulsating out of the modest Soda Bar and the low chatter from a group of girls just outside the door. I wonder if these gals comprise the all-girl punk band I'm here to see? Stepping inside and straight to the bar, the shirtless front-man of the opening act expresses his gratitude and the unassuming Memphis four-piece, Nots, set up shop. Nope, definitely not the same four girls I'd seen out front.

Sans introduction, the drumsticks click thrice and the guitars launch the first blows of an unrelenting performance. Honestly: No pause, no interlude, except for what seems like a scripted malfunction that the band ingeniously arranged to allow us to come up for air. (And beer.) Throughout the performance, the bass rattles every corner of the dark venue, the drums drive through the walls and the hellish, guttural vocals conjure spirits of a gutter-punk past.

I approach the band for an impromptu interview after their set. "Being from Memphis, it's a town where people don't give a f--k. We just do it. We're automatic and impulsive," says lead singer/guitarist Natalie Hoffman on the band's informal demeanor. I take a sip of my third beer and nod uh-huh.

In regards to their unyielding and unique sound, synth player Alexandra Eastburn says, "The sound we make, like most of the sounds before us, are hybridizations of the sounds before them." I finish my beer and nod mm-hmm. Makes enough sense.

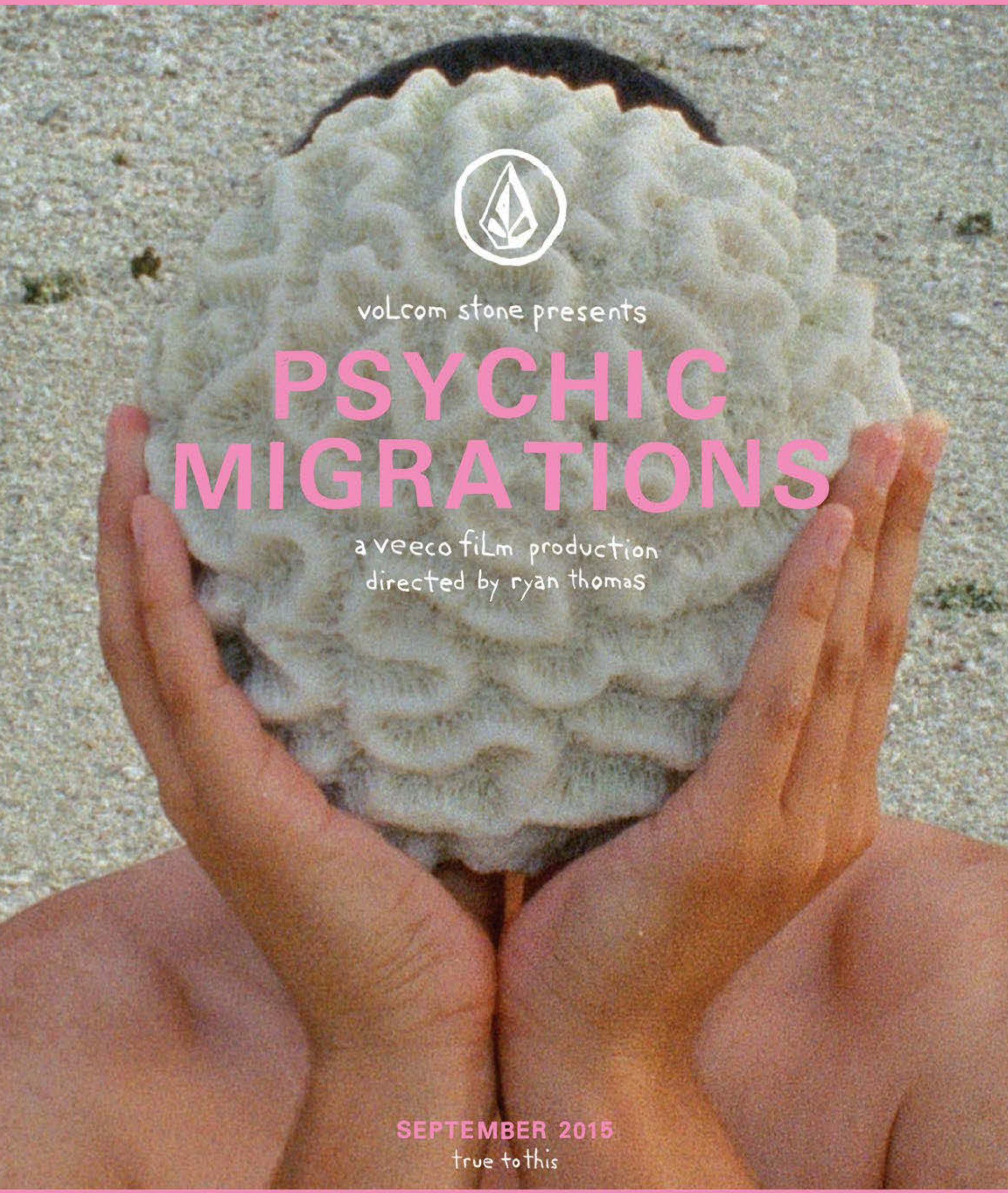
With the show over and my glass empty, I walk back outside. El Cajon Boulevard is still quiet, save for the incessant and rather enjoyable buzz ringing in my ears. **–Dana Valdez**



We Are Nots
Goner Records; 2014
Listen to: "Insect Eyes," "Reactor" and "Monochromatic"



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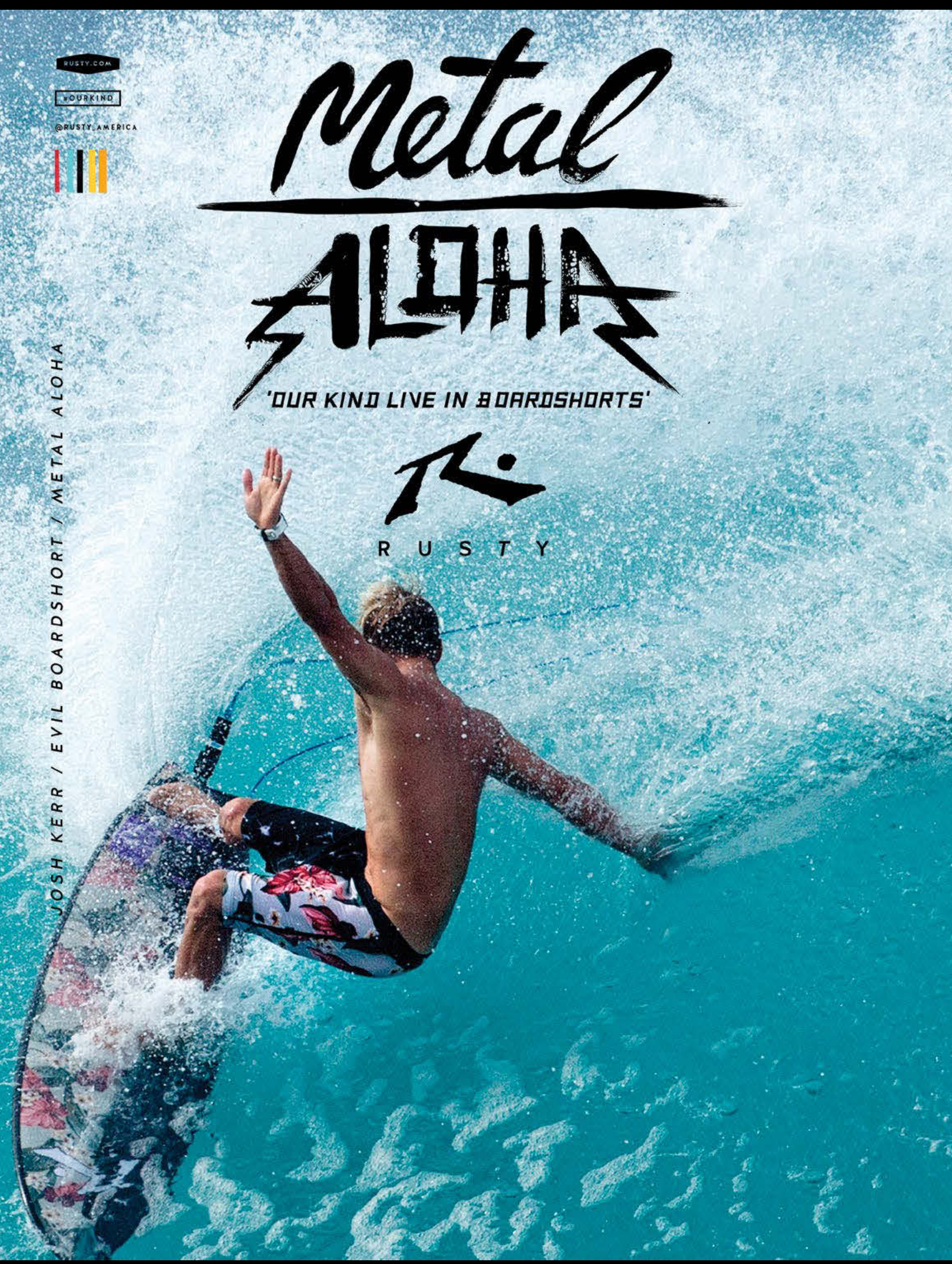
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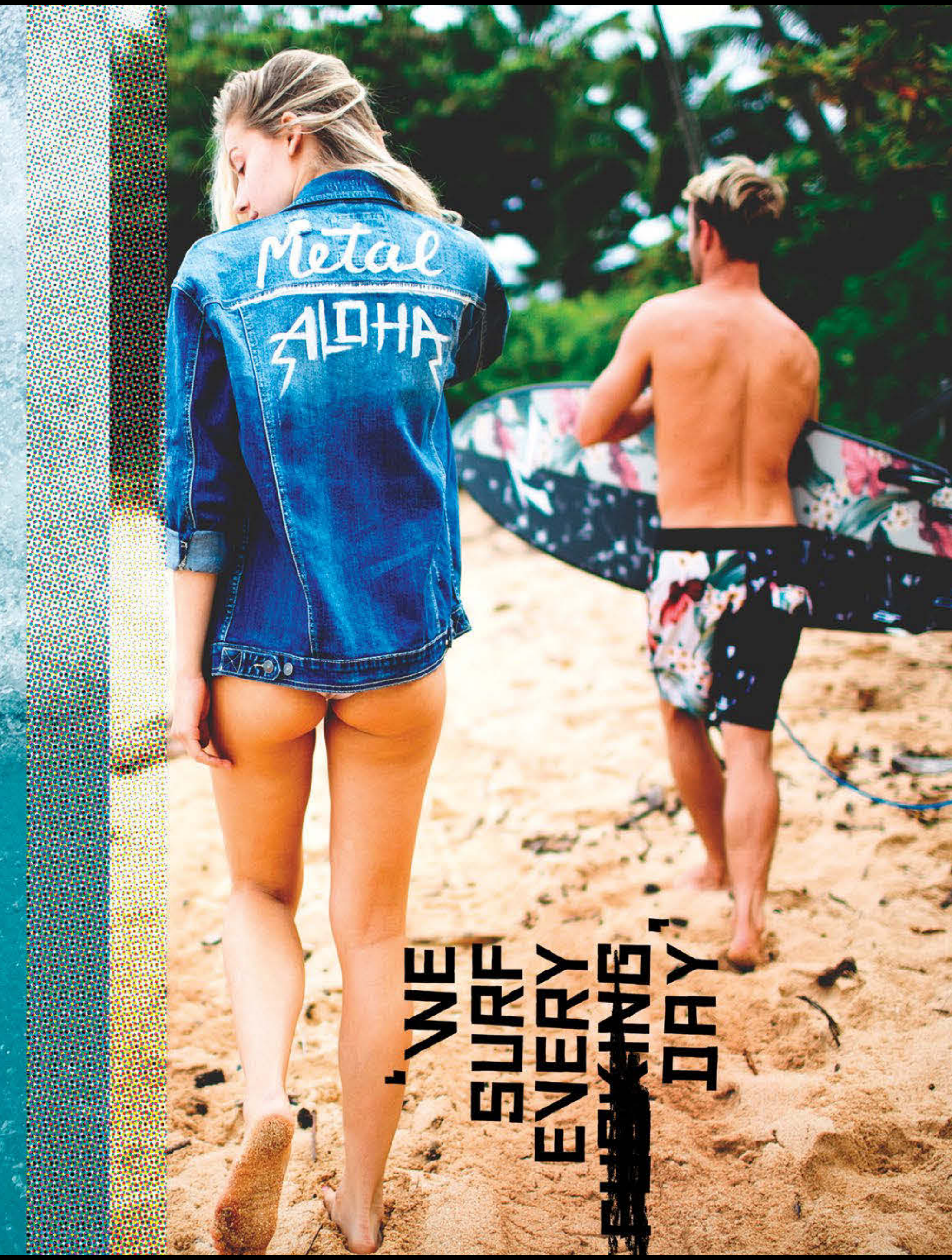
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GLOBE

CONNER AND PARKER COFFIN:

SAME-SAME, BUT DIFFERENT (STICKS)



PHOTO: SHERMAN

Height, width, thickness and, more recently, volume: These are the metrics with which you're taught to learn "your dimensions." But if it were that simple, we'd all be getting magic sticks on the reg, right? To remind us of our surfboards' little quirks and nuances we look to Conner and Parker Coffin, who, despite riding nearly identical dimensions and models, enjoy very different boards. Welcome, dear reader, to the wonderful world of rails, tail rocker and tail width. Oh, and while we're here, let's talk about board length. Because size might matter, after all. **—Taylor Paul**

PARKER: We ride pretty much the same dimensions, same models — Fred Rubbles and Protons. But the biggest difference in our boards are the rails. I like to go 2 1/4" and have pretty boxy rails while Conner generally likes rounder rails that taper down and pinch. When you feel

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SIGNATURE



PHOTO: SHERMAN

"The biggest difference in our boards are the rails. I like to go 2 1/4" and have pretty boxy rails while Conner generally likes rounder rails that taper down and pinch." — PARKER COFFIN



Same wave... PHOTO: WILLAM SHARP

his rails you'd think his boards were thinner than mine, but in reality the foam is just more concentrated in the middle.

CONNER: My boards might actually be thicker than his. Because sometimes I'll order mine 2 5/16" or sometimes even 2 3/8", but they'll just make it with more of a domier deck with less volume on the rail.

PARKER: Right, where my rails are boxier with a flatter deck. And it kinda shows in the way that we surf. Conner puts his rail in the water more than I do and I think that the thinner rail helps him grip the water more. Gives him more power and drive. My surfing...it can be hard for me sometimes because I'll get a board that I really like backside but can't ride frontside. It's hard to describe. I've noticed that I really like boards that cover distance, that have that get-up-and-go feeling. Usually the boards that



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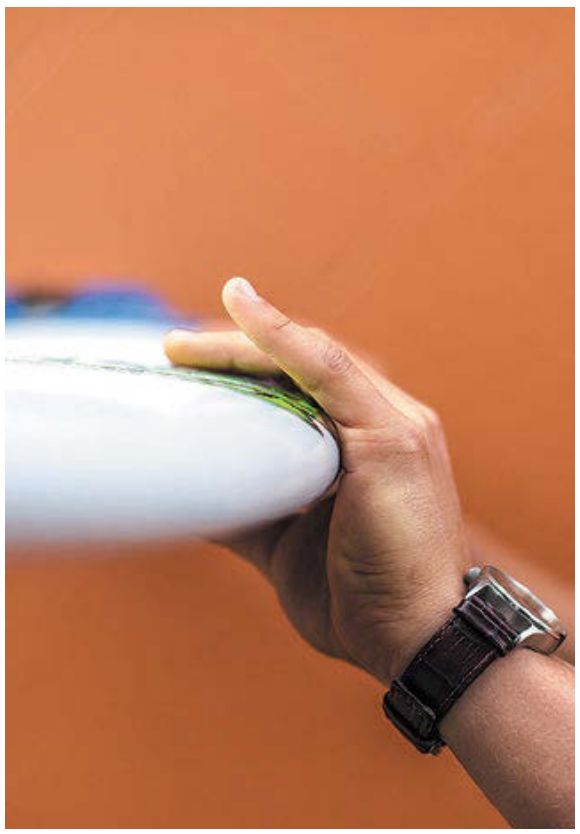
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PHOTOS: SHERMAN







I really like have really wide tails. Some people think that they're grossly wide but for me it just kinda creates that zippy feel.

CONNER: The biggest difference in our surfing is that he's a little more quick and agile than me. He's still really powerful but in a lighter, faster way, and that's what contributes most to the differences in our boards. More than tail width, though, I just don't like as much tail rocker as most people. So we'll both get a Fred Rubble but Parker's will have more curve in the tail while mine will have straighter rocker in certain places to give me that drivey feel on my back foot.

PARKER: It's funny, people trip out on our boards because they're a lot bigger than most. I'm 5'6", Conner is 5'7", and we'll ride 5'10"s and 5'11"s. Most people ride boards that are similar to their heights or just over. But ever since Conner and I were little kids we've been encouraged to ride bigger boards.

CONNER: When you ride a longer board it makes you learn to use your rail and surf a little more powerfully.



...different approach. Same board, different line. Parker [previous page] and Conner [above] at Rincon.

PHOTO: WILLAM SHARP

"My boards might actually be thicker than his. Because sometimes I'll order mine 2 5/16" or sometimes even 2 3/8", but they'll just make it with more of a domier deck with less volume on the rail." — CONNER COFFIN

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BRUCE: THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

Decoding the surfing genome with BRUCE IRONS



PHOTO: JIMMICANE

When Bruce Irons and Saxon Boucher first crossed paths, Bruce was a 10-year-old mini grom staying in Encinitas with older brother Andy for NSSA Nationals. According to Bruce, Saxon was “a gnarly-guy pro surfer from La Jolla, and he had a six-pack too.” As Saxon remembers it, “I was older than Bruce and Andy, but I already looked up to them as far as the way they surfed. Bruce was just a little punk, but he had style so far beyond his years.” Bruce, of course, went on to become a style messiah for an entire generation of surfers, and today he’s back in Saxon’s neighborhood, living just down the road from the SURFING office in Carlsbad, CA, where Sax now works as a senior sales exec. When Saxon recently discovered a goldmine of Bruce photos in our office, he invited Bruce over to check them out. The photos — some new, some old, all epic — spawned conversation about everything from John John’s new movie to that time Bruce rolled a Toyota Hilux filled with Dane Reynolds, Ry Craike and a terrified cameraman into some god-forsaken West Oz shorebreak. But eventually the discussion always returned to one key subject: style. **–Leo Maxam**



Rider: Dexter Manning
Photo: Jacob Lambert

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Indonesia. PHOTO: RUSSI

BRUCE:

ON STYLE

Saxon Boucher: When you look at photos of yourself surfing, do you like them or are you critical of your surfing? **Bruce Irons:** I'm very critical of myself. I'm always wishing I was like someone else. I don't think of myself as the style guy. I think I'm a kook most of the time. I'm my own worst critic.

That's funny, because the entire surfing world looks at you like a style icon. I don't feel like that. I've just always done whatever felt right. Where I grew up, people would tease you if you surfed a certain way, so you wanted to make sure you weren't looking like a kook. I grew up with Kamalei [Alexander] and Reef [McIntosh] and [Dustin] Barca and we were really hard on each other. Now that I'm older I look back and I'm like, wow, were we friends, guys? It was almost like you wanted to see the other guy's misery. We were always pushing each other, trying to outdo each other. And especially with an older brother, I always had to keep up. Reef and my brother were always going off to surf big waves and I would tag along and try to act like I wasn't scared.

So do you think the teasing and the tough love actually helped make you guys more stylish surfers? We teased each other bad. I remember Kamalei used to surf with his ass popped out really bad when we were younger and we used to tease the f--k out of him. And now look at Kamalei — he has a really nice style. Barca too. He used to have this funny style and we'd tease him too. Your friends are your biggest critics and there was a lot of tough love. You definitely don't want to show weakness or any sign of feelings, because if you do you're gonna get all your waves taken away and you're gonna be a little punk.

Do you think either you or Andy would have been as good of surfers if you didn't have each other to feed off of? No way, I know for a fact I wouldn't be where I'm at if it weren't for him. Because I was just doing whatever he was doing. And I was just trying to impress him. I'm sure it was the same way for him. We were trying to outdo each other and one-up each other, but we were also trying to get a compliment from one another, which was very hard to get in the same room.

> "We were trying to outdo each other and one-up each other, but we were also trying to get a compliment from one another, which was very hard to get in the same room."

Off-the-Wall, Hawaii. PHOTO: DJ STRUNTZ



Remember any good nicknames? Kamalei was Hershey Squirt, Fat Head. I had a bunch of nicknames: Egghead, Alien Head. I used to tease my brother that he looked like Mr. Ed because of his teeth. But that's the way you had to be. You have to be really strong and act like nothing fazes you. In a way it's a good thing, but now that I'm older I'm comfortable with who I am and expressing my feelings and I don't care about the consequences.

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BRUCE:

ON PIPELINE

When Pipe is 10 to 12 feet and teasing the second reef, do you even have time to think about how you're positioning your body or is that all just instinctual and natural? I don't ever think about my body position or anything. I just try to make it. On a bigger backside drop where you're taking off really late, I'm just trying not to get pitched out. I'm underneath the lip and I almost try and become part of the wall; be really little and fall into it on my shoulder and hopefully I'm part of that transition and it all plays out.

How do you get so good at that? Growing up in your environment. We surfed this left on Kauai. It never got bigger than 4 or 5 feet, but it had this north bowl on it and it was dry reef and it was almost like a mini Teahupo'o. And I think that's where my brother and I fine-tuned our backside barrel riding, learning how to take off late and steep and pigdog. And we transferred that to everywhere else.

Do you feel responsible for influencing all the guys today who go for it backside on big, heavy waves? No, I don't ever feel like that. That's really flattering and cool, but I don't ever feel like that. In my mind I still feel like I'm being influenced by everyone today.

I think a lot of the guys doing well on the tour nowadays in heavy barrels would say that it's from watching you. Back in the day there weren't a lot of people riding the barrel backside. Kelly was always really good, but no one was really taking off late and steep and knifing it and dragging their butt until you and your brother really showed what was possible. Nowadays everyone's doing it. Nowadays on tour, everybody surfs gnarly everywhere. Before, it wasn't like everyone could surf big backside barrels. That's why they originally made it man-on-man heats at Pipeline, because there were a lot of heats where guys were kind of blowing it, not going for it. But now, everyone's gnarly and everyone goes for it.



Pipeline. **PHOTO: BRIAN BIELMANN**

Pipeline. **PHOTO: HANK**



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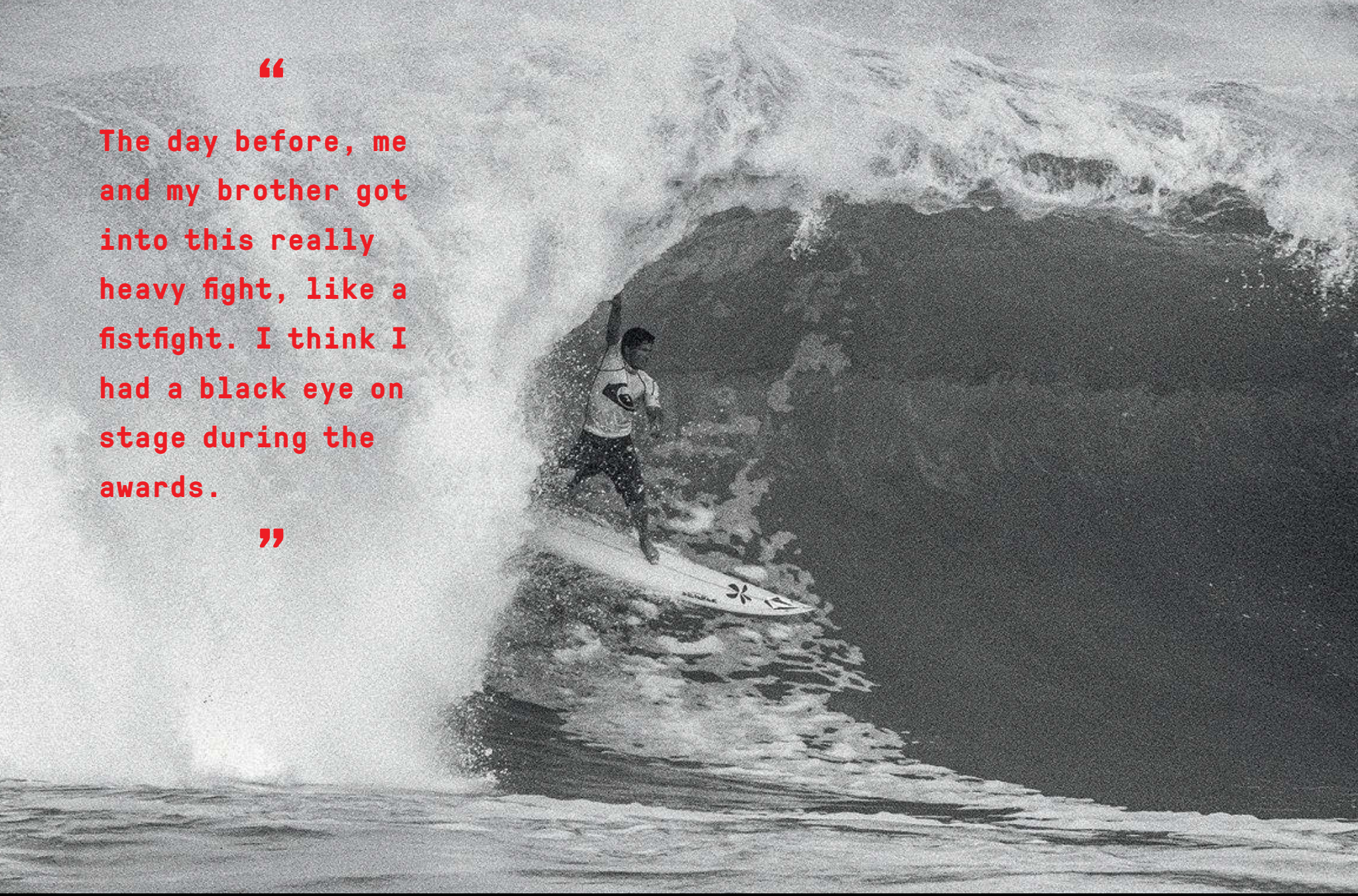
BRUCE:

ON THE EDDIE

As surf fans, this is the shit we remember forever: you pulling into the shorebreak during the Eddie. What goes through your mind when you do something like that? I was still in my first heat. That was the biggest wave I'd ever paddled into, so I was still tripping on that. That was a really heavy event. The day before, me and my brother got into this really heavy fight, like a fistfight. I think I had a black eye on stage during the awards. But if it weren't for that, I swear I wouldn't have won that contest. My brother was in the heat before me and he was world champion and was winning everything at that time — but I got an Eddie invite before him — so I was determined not to let him win.

It's almost like there's no one else in the contest at that point. F--k no. I was just screaming, just psyching, "He's not beating me!" I willed that f--king thing. Right before this, Flea got that wave where he jumped over the falls. You can only get four or five waves max in a heat and this was my last one. Kelly was right there too and that's another reason I was probably going. I remembered watching videos of Michael Ho going into the shorebreak at Waimea and I was just trying to ride the wave as far as I could because I knew I had to go in, and get as close as I could so I didn't have to paddle. And then I could hear the announcer and see all the people and I thought, aw shit I'm gonna make it, I have to pull in now. I never got barreled on a 10-foot board in shorebreak before. I don't know what I was thinking. It was just a crowd pleaser, but I ended up just getting washed up the beach no problem.

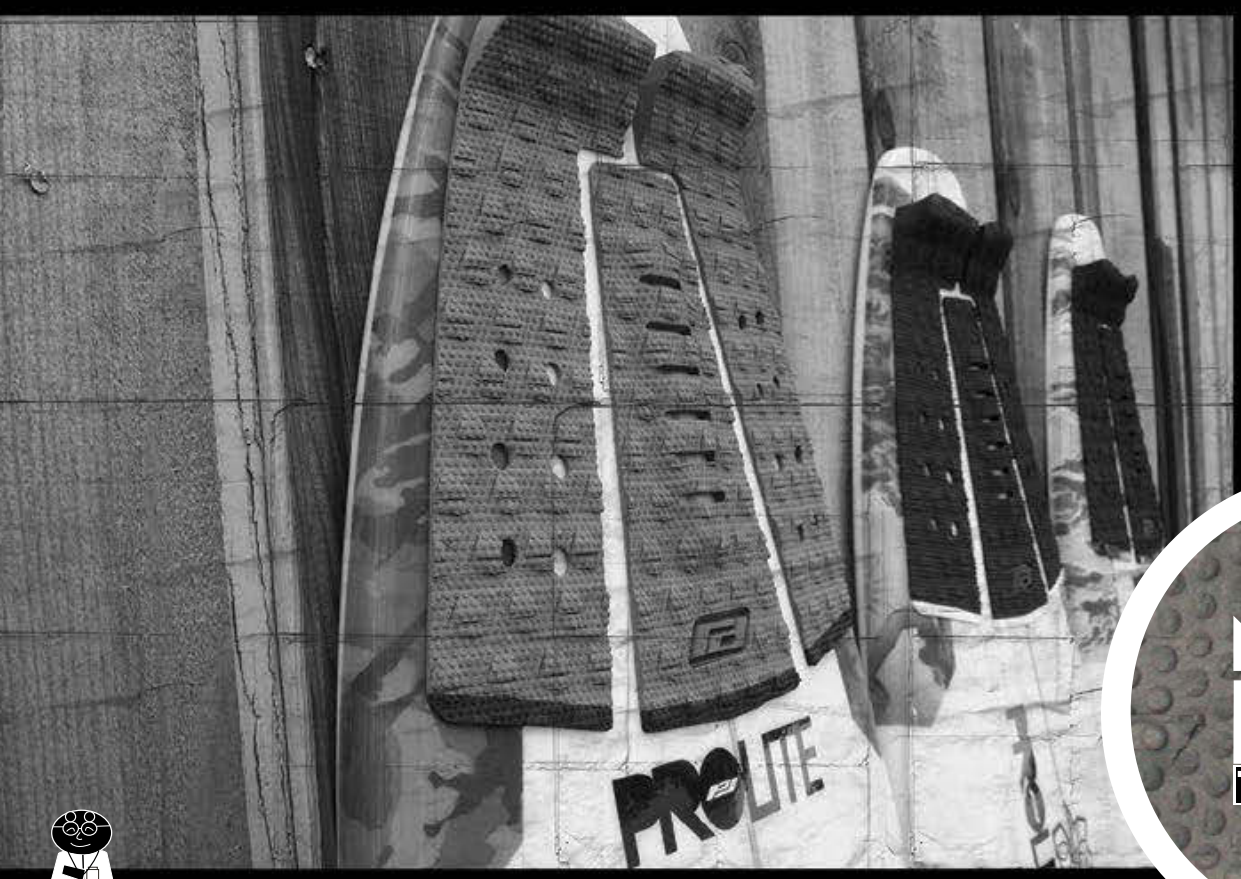
Waimea shorebreak. PHOTO: TOM CAREY



> "The day before, me and my brother got into this really heavy fight, like a fistfight. I think I had a black eye on stage during the awards."

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BRUCE:

ON HEAVY SURF

How about heavy waves and how style plays into that? You're scared thinking about it. You're scared talking about it. But once you're there in the moment, like that Code Red swell, I remember after that wipeout happened I wanted a bigger one. Thinking about it, you get anxiety and get scared. But when you put me in that moment, I start feeding off that energy and want bigger and more. Contests never did that for me. I was always so in my head in contests. I would get more pumped up surfing with my friends when the waves are big. That's when you want it.

You just got back from surfing a big swell at Pascuales. F--k yeah, I almost drowned there two weeks ago. It was like 30 feet. That was the biggest I've seen it and surfed it. On this last trip I seen some waves break so far out to sea. So heavy. That wave is more powerful than any wave in the world. Just as powerful as Pipeline, if not more.

How about step-offs at Pascuales? Is it as rewarding? F--k, you know, I don't care. I've paddled enough. I like it. Paddling is good everywhere else, but this wave is meant for step-offs. It's a beachbreak, it shifts around, and you couldn't get a lot of these waves paddling. And if you had a really big board, you'd get in too late. But with a ski you can get all over the place. I had a 9'0" down there and Shane [Dorian] came down and Shane didn't even paddle once. I'm like, Shane, are we gonna paddle? And he wasn't doing it. So I'm like, f--k it, I'm not doing it.



Teahupo'o [above] and Cloudbreak [below]

PHOTOS: BRIAN BIELMANN



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BRUCE:

ON GOING BIG

You've always been known for launching on huge sections. Are airs in larger surf the future? I've never even seen Filipe Toledo surf, but I heard he went down to Pascuales and was doing double rotations. He went down there just to do airs and I heard he was gnarly. He was doing 540s and shit. You go to Pascuales and you get too much speed and it's scary. The sections are so big. You're going so fast and it's so much power. You do an air whether you want to or not. The board spins the guys are doing now, I can't even comprehend. A lot of them grow up skating too, and I think that's a big help.

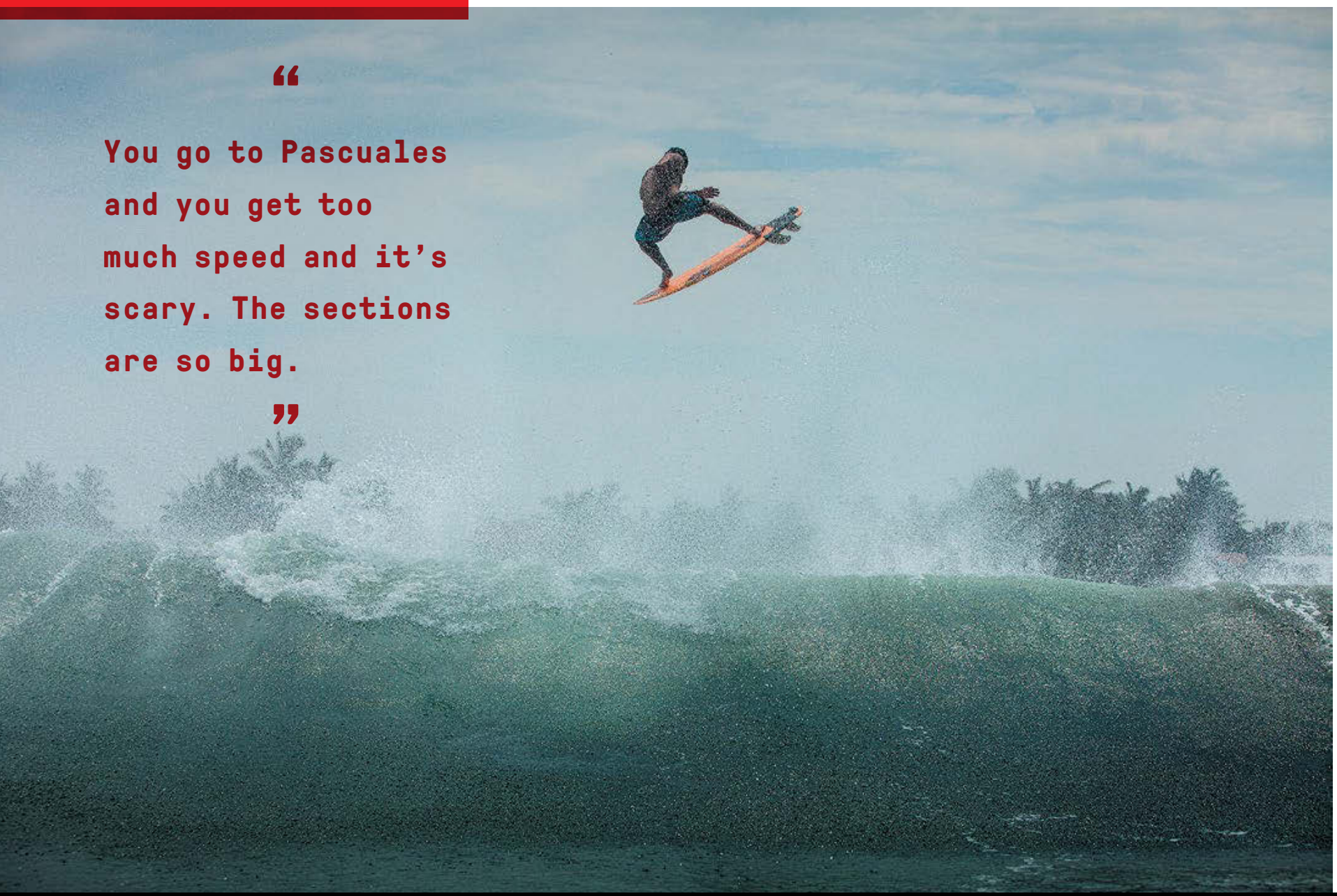
What about the new guys you see surf — what's your impression of their style? I just went on a trip with John John to West Oz and he's the gnarliest guy I've seen in a long, long time. The shit that he does on waves that you wouldn't even want to surf — boogie board slabby wedge waves. And the success rate of his tricks. Just whipping tail into the flats and he rides out of it. Backflips like it was nothing.

So John John was pushing you? Oh, yeah, the shit he does is definitely inspiring. To see what he does on a normal basis. That is the progression of surfing right there. I went on a surf trip with him five or six years ago to Indo, he was 15 or 16, just starting to come into his own. But to see how he is now, he's gonna be a world champion. He was so consistent when I surfed with him in West Oz. I think he's just starting to become confident in his decisions and sticking with them. I was telling him, "You're the guy. Don't get it twisted; everyone is gunning for you."

Like you, John has a unique style all his own. For sure, and I like surfing with that type of energy. Anything is possible — backflip above the lip like it's nothing. Dangling arms, no big deal. I used to give him shit for it. Because when he was trying to qualify I thought it looked too lazy. I was like, f--k, you gotta be more amped. But you know what, I was wrong, he stuck to it, that's his trip and I like it. It's unorthodox, and you never know what he's gonna do and that's cool. I wish I could be his age again.

[Laughter] Welcome to the club.

Pascuales, Mexico. PHOTO: SCOTT SERFAS



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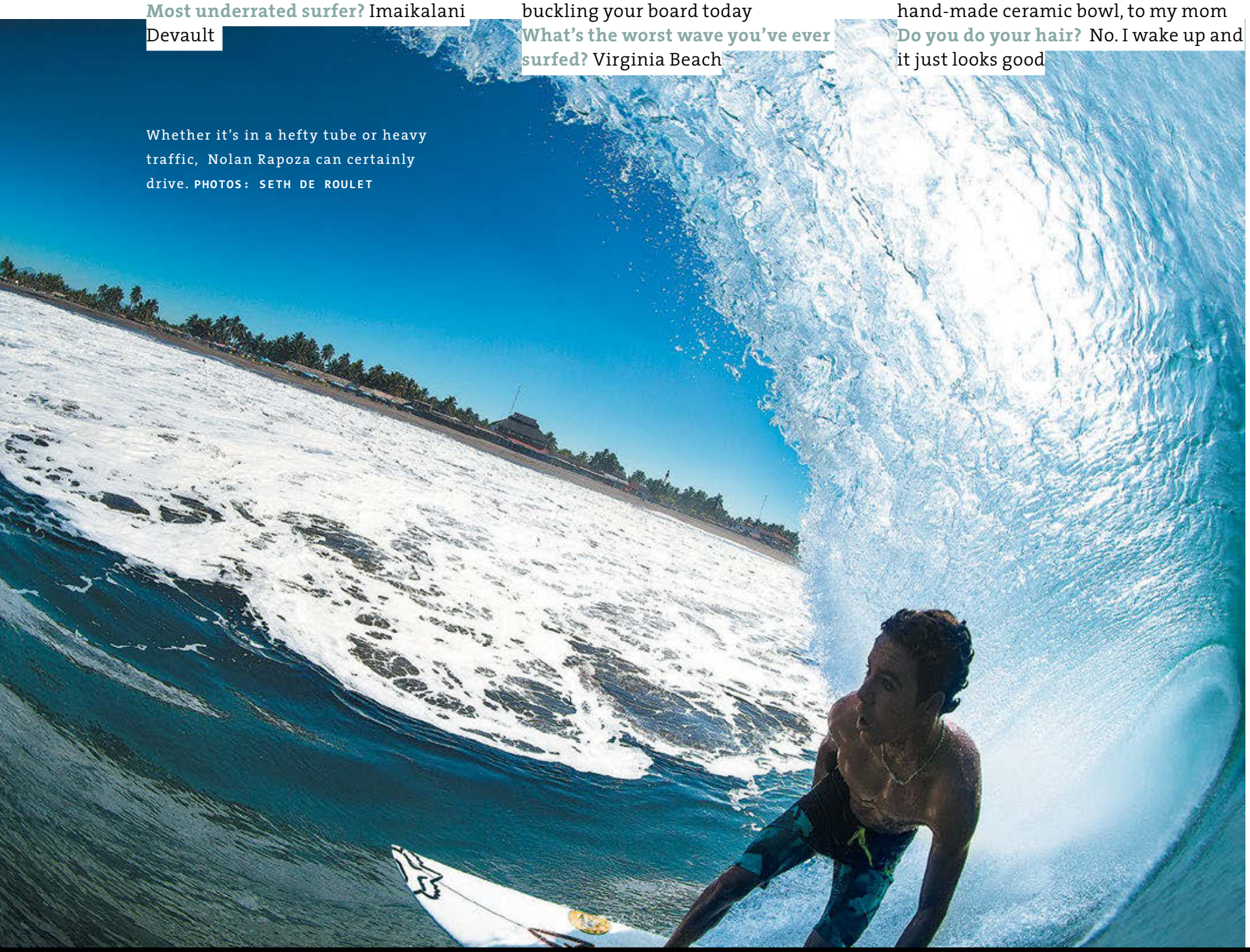
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SPONSORS: Fox, Rockstar, Roberts Surfboards, Body Glove, OAM, Banzai Bowls, Sex Wax, Katin Surf Shop
HOMEBREAK: Huntington Beach
FAVORITE SURFER: Julian Wilson
MOTTO: "Curls get the girls"

Nolan Rapoza

What inspires you the most? Good surfers
What is your greatest fear? Jaws
What song do you want to hear before you paddle out? "6 Man" by Drake
Best surf video segment of all time? Jack Freestone in *Cluster*
What's something you do every single day, without exception? Dress nice
Who is your hero? My dad
Favorite activity outside of surfing? Golf
Favorite world champion? Andy Irons
Outside of surfing, what do you love? Junk food
Where will surfing be in five years? Airs at Jaws
Most underrated surfer? Imaikalani Devault
Buddha or Jesus? Jesus
Hidden talent? Racecar driving
If you were to start a business, what would you sell? I would give shuttle rides to surfers willing to pay five dollars to and from Lowers
Who's the most beautiful female surfer? Nikki Van Dijk
Kanye West — yes or no? No, he is one of my least favorite artists
Favorite non-surf film? *The Wolf of Wall Street*
Favorite artist? Drake
Worst enemy? Girls
Would you rather eat a donut or a kale smoothie for breakfast? A donut
Any apologies? Sorry, Matt McCabe, for buckling your board today
What's the worst wave you've ever surfed? Virginia Beach
Best thing a girl has ever said to you? Nice ride
Dream sponsor? Pagani automobiles
Biggest mistake you've ever made? Buying a scooter, because I ended up in the hospital
Most scared you've ever been in the ocean? Surfing maxed-out sunset alone
Best book you've ever read? *The Outsiders*
Tupac or Biggie? Biggie
What is the meaning of life? Find what you like to do and do it
What annoys you about surfing? Inconsistent waves
Best gift you've ever given someone? A hand-made ceramic bowl, to my mom
Do you do your hair? No. I wake up and it just looks good



Whether it's in a hefty tube or heavy traffic, Nolan Rapoza can certainly drive. PHOTOS: SETH DE ROULET


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In Loving Memory

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By Beau Flemister

UN



SETTLE DOWN

LEAVE YOUR BAGS PACKED, KEEP ONE FOOT OUT THE DOOR

AND

NEVER EVER STOP CHASING

John John Florence. PHOTOS: TREVOR MORAN



"Those who value stability, who fear transience, uncertainty, change, have erected a powerful system of stigmas and taboos against rootlessness, that disruptive, anti-social force, so that we mostly conform, we pretend to be motivated by loyalties and solidarities we do not really feel…But the truth leaks out in our dreams; alone in our beds…we soar, we fly, we flee." -Salman Rushdie

DOES IT KEEP YOU UP AT NIGHT?

That incessant little voice? That mischievous old friend? *Let's go*, it whispers. So you entertain the thought. About that right peeling around a palm-lined point in a hazy jungle somewhere in the distance. About the life you yearn for that you know is not "normal." About the chase. Good. That voice *should* keep you up at night. Listen to its hopes and fantasies and vagrant-dreams. This voice guides the seekers, the artists, the wanderers, the youth with vision.

The voice has a point.

Follow your gut or mull it over till it makes sense and decide that it's finally, utterly, inexplicably time to leave. Even if you're not totally convinced, tell the voice: Let's go.

Young men and women: You are an emulsion of life and dream. A vibrant mixture driven by the centrifugal force of curiosity and wonderment. Keep them continuously mixing, suspended, spinning. Don't let the latter of life-and-dream settle to the bottom of the cup. Stir them constantly. Keep the two blurred in fantastic, sentient suspension. Never. Ever. Settle.

How do those shadowy men in backlit Javanese pits get out there, you ask? How do those motherf--kers score so hard, you wonder? They *live* in this suspension. They do not settle for ordinary lives and waves close to home. They never ever settle down. Those men have found a way to float, and while we can't float forever, our most restless days shouldn't be wasted on safety and security and sure-shots and cubicles. Be nomadic for a time. Unsettle down.

SCORING

Souls like you — eager and restless — rise with the dawn and buzz with expectation. That feeling you get when you've missed a swell, woken up too late, chosen obligation over the surf — chase that unsettling feeling. Let it guide you toward waves you make sacrifices to reach. Carve it into your bedroom wall: I WILL NOT MISS THE NEXT ONE. Read it, study it, let the message sink into your brain at night through osmosis. The greatest of escape artists obsess.

"The thing about surfing compared to other sports, is that it's only good when many variables align," says Marti Paradisis, Tasmanian hell-charger. "It's both unpredictable and can also only be done in daylight hours…to some extent [laughs]. So to be able to chase swells and be at the right break at the right time, you *have* to live a lifestyle that affords you enough freedom to be on the pulse when the swells hit. When I was younger, my brain wouldn't let me miss a swell and not much has changed. Luckily, I'm in a job where I work a lot of night shifts, which frees up my time to chase during the day."

Pay attention to the weather patterns, to the clouds and wind and currents and tides. Be on a first-name basis with your local meteorologist. Know your boss so well that you don't have to lie about calling in sick when it's firing. Never settle for the easy, accessible, user-friendly waves. Always wonder if you could be a little deeper, if you could handle a bit *more*. Trade long walls and slopey burgers for ledges and long periods and lips that go bump in the night. Live in that slightly psychotic neurosis between satisfaction and fear that you've blown it. But never be totally satisfied.

Find a friend who enjoys heavy surf more than you do and follow them into the waves you're not entirely sure about. You will sleep well when it's over, I promise you.

WORKING

"Living this lifestyle's resulted in many different jobs. Responsibility-wise — probably not the best move," says Paradisis. "But it's what made me happy. I can confidently say I've seen and experienced so much more than if I'd chosen a straighter pathway. Nature is the most amazing gift we as humans have been given. So go experience as much of this place as you can. You only live once. Money means nothing if you don't have memories for your life story."

Go to school. Or don't. But if you don't, learn a trade, work at night, work hard as hell and make sure your boss knows the score. The score being: You are diligent, but also clearly detached from a 9-5 career. Pay great attention to your father if he has a useful skill and absorb his trade like a sponge should school not pan out. Do not go into shaping (for the money), there's no money.

"I've always just gone with my gut feeling on things," says Craig Anderson, Australian professional freesurfer. "But I've been so lucky and it's a rare career path and opportunity that I have. It's all about having a plan — no, an *idea* — and just running with that idea. Wasting this opportunity, for me, would be something like buying a million-dollar house on the beach and setting it up all rad and not wanting to leave."

Should you go to college (which I'd recommend completely) study something you can do remotely and/or with Wi-Fi. Writing, designing, teaching, nursing, blogging. Learn everything there is to know about it and figure out a way to do it slightly different than everyone else.

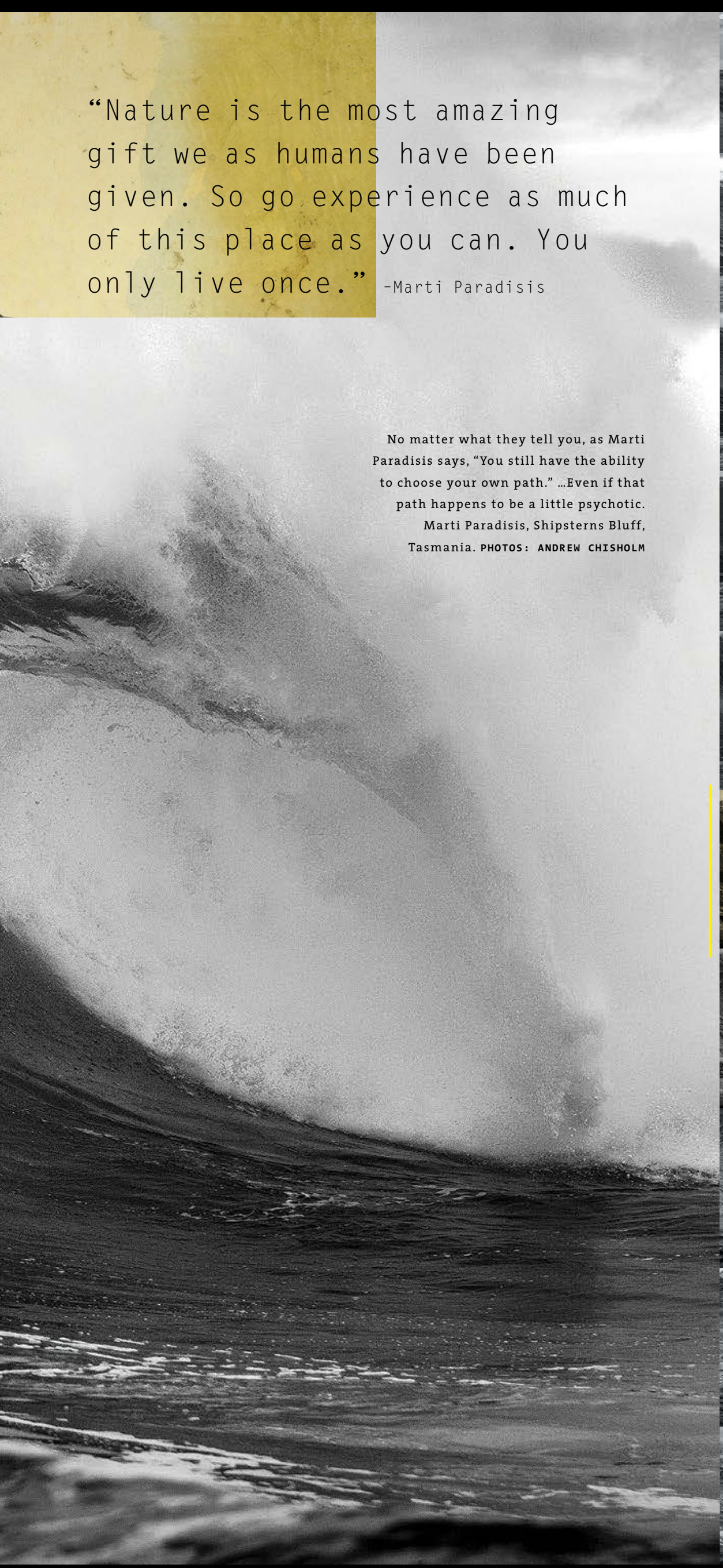
While home, get a night job in the meantime, be it serving, bussing or valet parking. Know that there is absolutely nothing worse than seeing your friends score while you are at work and

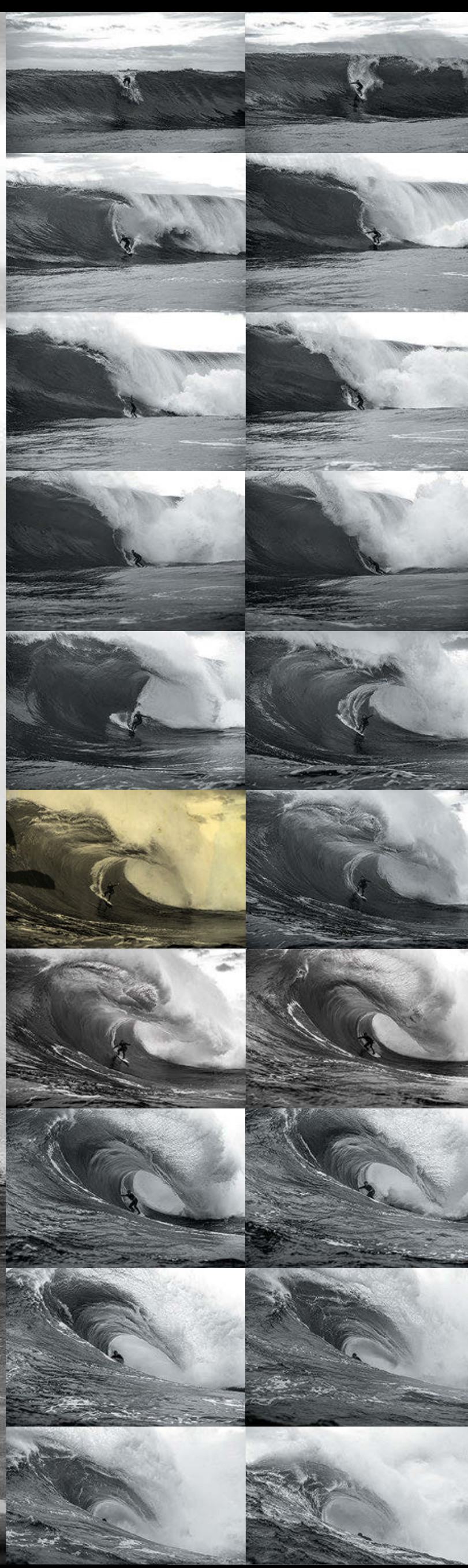
The tube is the only enclosed place you should ever lock yourself into. Alex Smith, solitude in solitary, Indonesia. **PHOTO: BRENT BIELMANN**



“Nature is the most amazing gift we as humans have been given. So go experience as much of this place as you can. You only live once.” -Marti Paradisis

No matter what they tell you, as Marti Paradisis says, “You still have the ability to choose your own path.” …Even if that path happens to be a little psychotic. Marti Paradisis, Shipsterns Bluff, Tasmania. **PHOTOS: ANDREW CHISHOLM**







If a rolling stone gathers no moss, then what does a Freestone gather? Alana Blanchard, apparently. Jack Freestone, Indonesia. **PHOTOS: ANDREW SHIELD**





there is nothing better than skipping a day of work (or school) to surf a good swell. This is cold hard science.

Be prepared to be poorer than most of your friends and family. Be prepared to spend hours on the Internet figuring out how to sign up for free government health care. Be prepared for very skeptical looks from the in-laws when asked "what you do." Recognize the secret satisfaction of being happier than your peers who are far more set up than you...but can never leave.

"The majority of the population on this planet has a very straightforward, narrow-minded view on life," says Paradisis. "There's a perspective that you should live a 'certain way.' The people in charge who control society have developed a system that's really hard to escape...but you can do your best to live your dream. You still have the ability to choose your own path."

TRAVELING

"There's good waves all year-round somewhere," says Anderson. "Think about that. It's so addictive. Personally, I don't wanna just sit around at home and do nothing."

Indeed, save every cent for that ticket. If it's to Indo, don't just settle for Bali; get on a ferry and go farther. Bali, Mexico, South Africa — the planet is haunted by unsettled ones like yourself. Make friends with other unsettlers, feed each other's restlessness; chase with them. If another swell is coming, change your ticket, stay longer. You can always go home, but you might not always be able to come back. Make friends with a European, or a Brazilian, or a Kiwi. Invite them to stay with you wherever you live; Mom will understand. They will host you when it's your turn.

Learn to cook your own meals. If you're in college, do a semester (or two) abroad. Learn another language (or two). Women love bilingual men. (And vice versa.) Pack lightly. Bring a gift or two for a local family. Give shit away when it becomes too cumbersome (this includes surfboards, too). Karma will bless you in the long run. Open up a couple credit cards with amazing introductory mileage plans and have your parents purchase shit on them and pay you back. That right there is two free tickets to anywhere on earth. Close the cards once you've got the miles. Never accrue debt. Debt settles you.

"Surround yourself with good people with similar mindsets, who like to travel," says Anderson. "The world, it's such a...there's just so many different places and waves, it's just never-ending. You could spend your whole life exploring. I'm just gonna keep chasing until I can't do it anymore."

Don't lease cars unless you're 40. In fact, don't care much about cars unless money is expendable. Don't worry about owning a home; that's for settlers, and you are not ready yet. Rent a flat month to month, if you can. Learn how *not* to miss home. If you miss home, this life isn't for you. While away, change your plans, change your ticket, go farther than you imagined you would, add another week, add another month.

"I honestly travel 80-90 percent of the year, so I don't really have a home," says Anderson. "I call Newcastle home, but it's only because that's where my family lives and a couple of buddies, but I've never really made a super 'homely' environment anywhere. So yes, there are sacrifices to the lifestyle. I've never had a girlfriend or long-term relationship, but I dunno, I've always just been psyched on getting good waves, traveling and exploring."

At times it will be grueling. They might tell you, "*the journey is the destination*," but it's not. The destination is the destination and the journey can be grueling. Grueling, like you show up to the island after 36 hours of traveling but your boards don't. After a few trips your friends will create new group texts on which you are forgotten and girlfriends will tire of your absence. But your traveling will manifest a way to make money through it.

LOVING

Make it crystal f--king clear to her (or him): You are second to the surf. Spell it out on the first date, just get it right out there. They'll respect your honesty, they'll tell you they get it...and then subsequently make it their life goal to change you. Obsessions (when it's not about them) are wildly attractive. Don't move in together, not just yet. Moving in makes the leaving that much harder. Don't wake up next to someone you can't leave.

"In the relationship aspect: To each his own," says American pro surfer and playboy Balaram Stack. "I mean, I see people all the time in steady relationships that still travel the world and are never home. I'm just definitely not one of them [laughs]. I could only imagine how difficult that would be and probably don't recommend it. It just seems kinda pointless in my eyes to be this young, traveling the world — with all those places and parties — and have to continually worry about someone at home. Live *your* life before you have to worry about someone else's."

Realize that while you are away, that same companion will be drawn to someone who is already settled, safer, "a sure thing," as they say. Someone half as intrepid as you. Accept that. But know that there are literally billions of other fish in the sea. That there are more than one "The Ones."

"Being in a relationship is actually simple if you're on the same page with each other," corrects Jack Freestone, Australian 'QS slugger and Alana Blanchard's male suitor. "We both know what we're doing and what we want, so that makes things easy. It's all about understanding each other. We both know we want the most from our own careers and we know we don't need to rush things or force the matter, whether that's marriage or anything else. Let things happen and learn to get each other. That's how you can both live that unsettled life together."

Find a companion out traveling with the same rootlessness that consumes you. Tell them, devilishly, *Come with me*. Like a dare. And one of them will. Float with that person. Share your similar worldviews and inside jokes and passion for living and unsettle down. Float, suspend, explore, and turn your backs on the settlers *together*.

Yes, seekers. You are a potent cocktail of youth and intent meant to be shaken *and* stirred. Resist gravity, gather no moss, do not conform to the institutions they push on you. This is just a thought. This is just a plea.

Let's go.



"There's good waves all year round somewhere. Think about that. It's so addictive. Personally, I don't wanna just sit at home and do nothing."-Craig Anderson

Craig Anderson, sitting down, but doing something in the South Pacific. **PHOTOS: ROD OWEN**







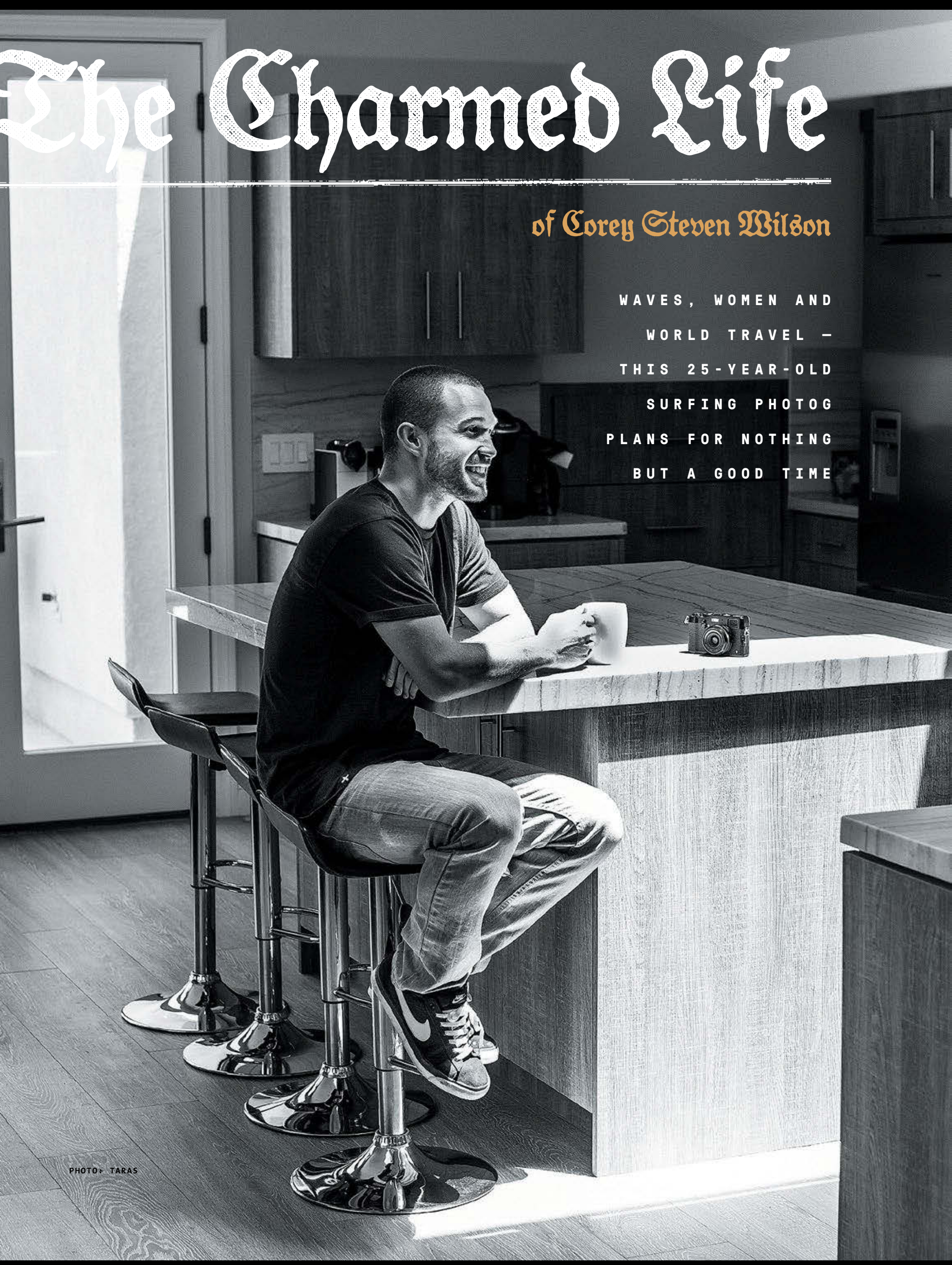




The Charmed Life

of Corey Steven Wilson

WAVES, WOMEN AND WORLD TRAVEL — THIS 25-YEAR-OLD SURFING PHOTOG PLANS FOR NOTHING BUT A GOOD TIME



PHOTO+ TARAS

STORY BY TAYLOR PAUL

This isn't one of those "reality check" articles where the guy with the dream job sets the record straight, like, "Everyone thinks surf photography is the best gig in the world, but what they don't realize is…" before he goes on to talk about weeks away from home, lost luggage, jet lag, eight-hour days in the hot sun, blah, blah, blah. This isn't a reality check because perception is reality, and while Corey Wilson experiences all the aforementioned drawbacks of surf photography, he's too focused on the sweet to notice the sour.

In fact, Corey's reality is so sweet that the original idea for this article was to call it "Corey Wilson, Labrador Retriever" and detail the personality parallels between him and a Lab puppy (loyal, energetic, friendly, loves the water, humps everything). But he roams too much to be a domestic pet. This year he expects to spend 10 months on the road. He'll shoot current, former and future world champs. He'll meet exotic women and they'll whisper in his ear. He'll get skunked. He'll score. He'll read the "100 Most Important Cat Photos of All Time" on Buzzfeed, giggling all the while. He will be untethered, free. The world is his home and the only thing knocking on his door is opportunity. This isn't a reality check. This is a fairy tale. This is the charmed life of Corey Wilson.



He has a rich history. But history is boring so I'll make this quick. Here's Corey in six bullets.

· Started shooting photos at 16 around his hometown of Santa Cruz. On his high school graduation survey he said his dream job was "staff photographer for SURFING Magazine."

· From 18 to 21 he completed a degree at the Brooks Institute of Photography in Santa Barbara.

· At 21 he moved to Newport Beach to get a job in the surf world. There were none

· Took a job at Kawasaki, shooting crotch rockets in a studio.

· Started working for Surfline on a contract basis. When he was 22 they offered him the photo editor position. He took it.

· According to Corey, that job was…shitty. "I shouldn't say shitty, I learned a lot, but I was stuck in the office looking at everyone else's photos. I wanted to be out shooting my own photos, seeing the world. And then…"

And then, SURFING rescued him. Deep from the clutches of his musty cage/office, we broke his chains and set him free. Or maybe it was just a phone call and a sushi dinner. Either way, Corey was 22 and given the opportunity to realize his dream. He didn't need a lot of convincing. Then — you shoulda seen it — the kid went from baby steps to striding like a f--cking Clydesdale. Trips to Australia, Indonesia, Nicaragua, Brazil, Morocco, France, Portugal, Tahiti. "Every time I go somewhere new, I think, 'I can't believe I'm getting sent here for work.'"

And he worked. Hard. Sometimes we worried too hard. In the office during Corey's first couple of years, it was always the same conversation when a trip popped up.

Should we send Corey?

Well, he just got back from [insert last place traveled]. We don't want him to burn out.

Maybe we just ask him, see if he's up for it?

We quickly learned that he was always up for it. Always said yes. Always enthusiastic. Because enthusiasm — for work and travel, for friends and life — is Corey's favorite currency to trade in. He kept moving. A week in Mexico with Dane and Taylor Knox. Two weeks in Samoa for Grom Games. An entire season on the North Shore. Corey's appetite for travel was ravenous. But earlier this year, when the idea came up to send him to Australia for two and a half months, we thought we'd finally served up a travel meal that even Corey couldn't finish.

Gobble, gobble, gobble.

We were wrong. In addition to covering the WCT events on the Gold Coast, West Oz and Bells, he returned with the images you see over these five spreads and this month's cover. (It's his seventh with the magazine.) "I was gone for almost three months but it was the most fun," Corey says, emphasis on "most." He often speaks in superlatives, and means it. "Everything from the waves to the friends to the girls was amazing. And apart from the contests, I didn't have a schedule. Things would always just pop up."

Things always "just pop up" for Corey because he plans nothing and says "yes" to everything. Whether it's a family dinner at Kyuss King's house or a waterfall daytrip with Dane or wake surfing behind Josh Kerr's boat, you can count Corey in and the activity will be more fun because he's there. The most fun.

Nobody embraced his joie de vivre in Australia more

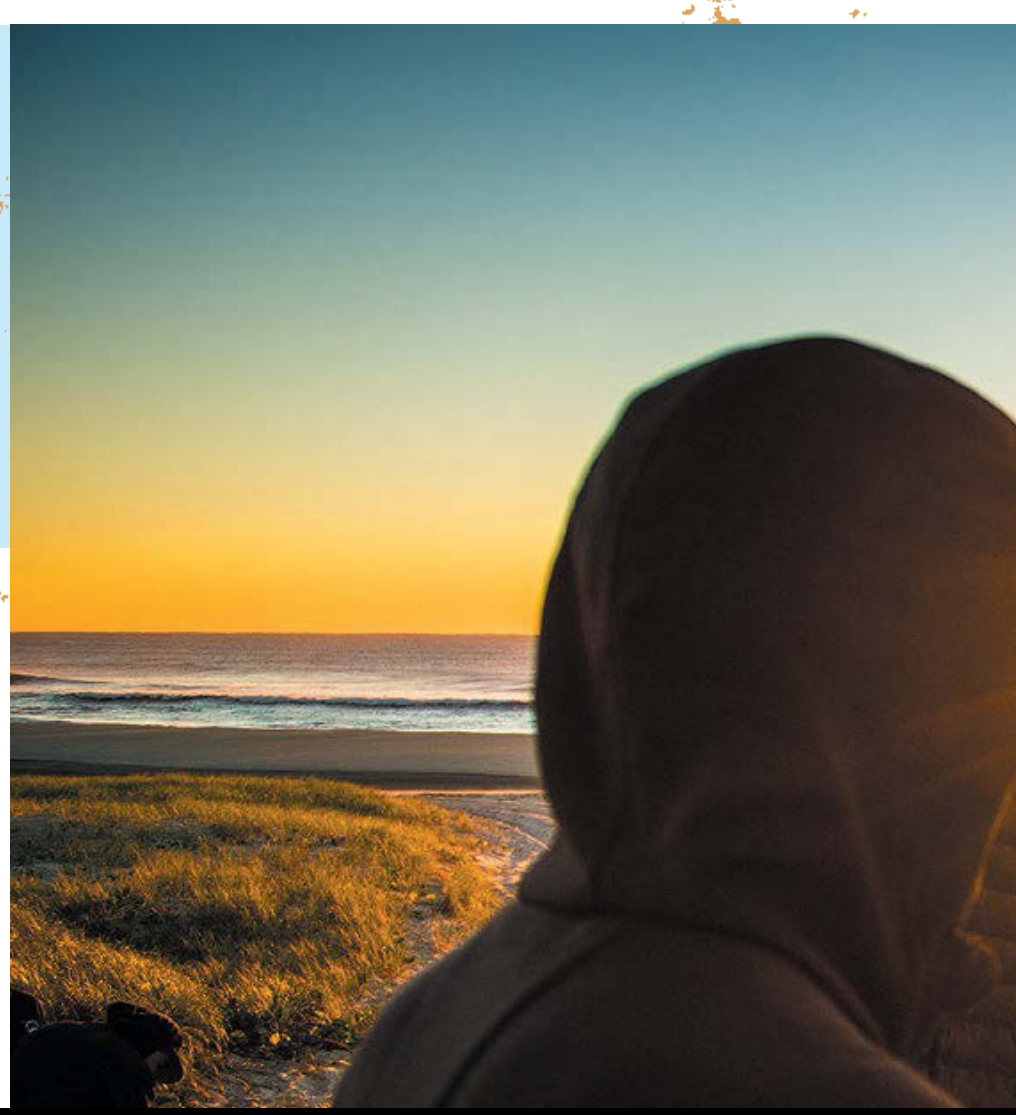
Oliver Kurtz





than Mick Fanning, who adopted Corey as a housemate and confidant for weeks between events. “I’m always amped to work with Corey because he sees opportunity in any conditions,” Mick told me in a text message. “He makes you amped because he explains what he wants, but at the same time he’s not in your face, trying to get you to shoot. On a personal level, the guy just wants to have fun. He’s always excited for whatever is going on and ready to create something when it’s not. At the end of the day he’s just a top bloke!”

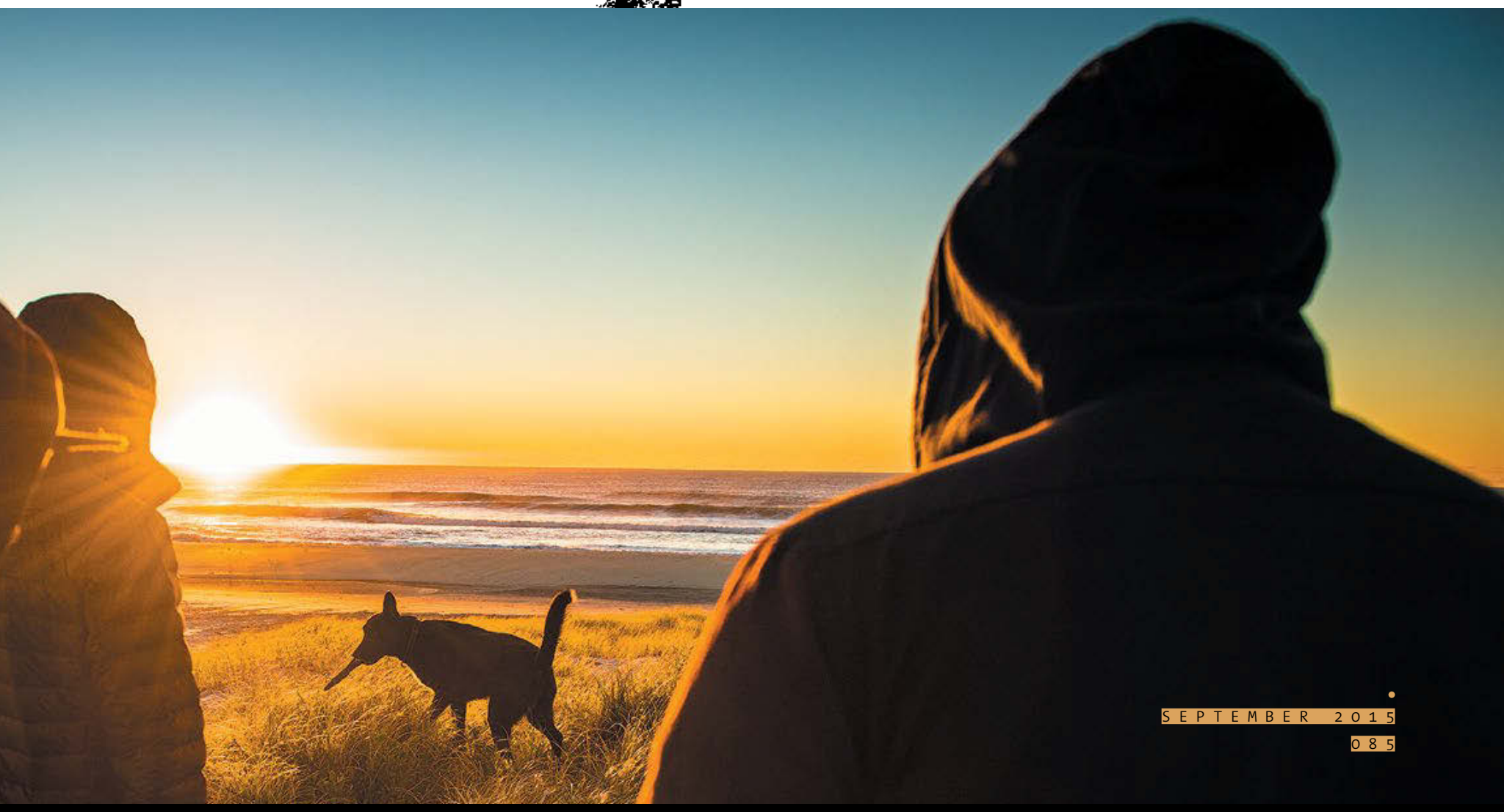
I asked Corey what they did when they weren’t shooting. “I don’t know,” he says, like, how am I supposed to remember all this stuff? “We just did fun shit. We went on little road trips. Cooked dinner. Ate tons of chocolate. Went to the horse races for Anzac Day. Partied a bit. He’s starting a beer company, so he took me to their new warehouse. Went to the DHD factory



Captions By Corey Wilson

This was a super dreamy day at Straddie. Right after the West Oz comp, Mick Fanning and I went back to his house on the Gold Coast and stayed for a week. We took his Jet Ski over to Stradbroke Island one day and were doing step-offs. It was the sickest little beachbreak breaking right on the sand and the water was so clear. I love this photo because it just makes you want to surf.







D-Bah is my favorite wave to shoot on the Gold Coast because it's so rippable and so productive. You can get barrels, airs and everything in between. This was actually a pretty average day, but it had some huge ramps. This boost by Jordy Smith is one of the biggest airs I've seen someone do in a long time. There were a bunch of people filming on the beach and right after his session Jordy had to go up and buy every single person's footage so they wouldn't release it because he wanted to save it. He ended up spending like $1,600 that day.











Dane Reynolds

and he showed me the new boards he's working on. We did a breath-holding course. Oh, and it was crazy, I [met] so many girls from Mick just being like, 'My friend Corey's in town, you should hang out.'"

Which sounds like a big favor, but Mick introducing Corey to girls is like towing Dorian into 12-foot Waimea. He probably coulda done it on his own. Corey went on to talk about one of his toughest experiences in Australia, far away from Mick's matchmaking.

"After chasing a swell in Sydney I went into Bondi Beach to hang with [videographer Nick] Pollet," he says. "I'd heard so much about Bondi and was so excited to have a fun night there. But then, at the first bar we went to, this girl brought me home at like 10 p.m. It was the worst. I mean, it was good, I just didn't want to go home yet. But she was the hottest and I couldn't turn her down. It was a bit of a pickle."

These are Corey's problems. This is Corey's life. On the Gold Coast a few years ago I saw a girl eye him from across a bar and say, "I want him," to her girlfriend.



This is Damien Hobgood at North Point in West Oz. This day was pretty f--king amazing. I don't think waves get too much better than that. This is the inside section, but guys were getting barreled from the outside all the way through. I was so sick this day. I had been on the road for two months straight and everything caught up with me in West Oz. On a day like this I normally prefer to shoot in the water, but I had the worst sinus pressure and was wrecked, so I climbed the hill at North Point and shot from there instead. It ended up turning out pretty cool.





Mikey Wright



Coco Ho



Gold Coast pup



Bear Cummings and Stamos

(Spoiler: She got him.) At Bells I watched him come home from a night out, sleep for 45 minutes and then shoot the contest all day with a smile on his face. I've seen his hideous sunburns turn to golden tans and I've seen him fall backward into money. You could credit luck with his charmed life, but I'd say it's more of a "the harder you work, the luckier you get" situation. Because I've also seen him swim alone in sharky waters. Seen him photograph one of Rio's most dangerous favelas while cops passed him in an alleyway, guns drawn. Watched him give his wetsuit to Taylor Knox and shoot photos in his trunks, stiff-arming hypothermia till TK got out. And I've seen him work through ear infections and illness because, as he puts it, "I'm not getting paid to sit in the hotel."

During his final days in Australia, just before he was set to fly home and enjoy a couple weeks of R&R, a big storm spun in the South Pacific. Corey changed his flight. Went to Tahiti with Owen Wright. Got back on Friday. On Wednesday he goes to Indonesia for SURFING's "The Factory." Later this year he'll go to Africa, Japan and Europe. And that's just the stuff on the books. Before we get off the phone I ask him, *How can you keep this up?*

"I don't have kids, I don't have a girlfriend," he says. "Being



single, you're free. You have nothing holding you back and you make your own choices. I love being able to jump on every opportunity. At any moment I could get a call saying I'm going to Barbados tomorrow to help with the Swimsuit Issue. That's the kind of stuff that keeps things fresh and alive."

And of the pace? Ten months a year is enough to ground even the most committed nomad. There's always a storm spinning somewhere. *Do you worry about burning out?*

"I can't get burnt out when I'm having fun," he says. "I'm not going to get to do this forever. I have the rest of my life to be in California. I want to travel when I'm young. And if I'm surrounded by my friends, good people with good energy, then I'm exactly where I need to be."

Mikey Wright at The Verge. This wave breaks a half-mile out in the middle of the ocean. It's shark-infested and crazy barrels were coming through. It's a dangerous wave, there's so much power out there and it breaks right onto reef. This was one of the smaller, cleaner ones this day. Mikey's on the foam ball here but he came out of that thing.



Kyuss King



Blair Marlin and Kyuss King

PERFORMANCE

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST?

FOMO



BUY

PHOTOS BY TROY SIMPSON

RYAN CALLINAN CALLS BULLSHIT.

BY LEO MAXAM

CUG



San Clemente during the Oakley Lowers Pro is a great place to meet a surf star, but the Rodeway Inn on El Camino is not. Its faded stucco walls and gloomy cubbyhole rooms suggest bad decisions and a methamphetamine problem, not celebrity. It's certainly no place for a young man whom the great Mark Occhilupo calls "one of Australia's best, if not *the* best, goofyfoot of his generation." I check my phone to be sure, but, yes, this is where I'm supposed to meet 23-year-old Ryan Callinan.

I had envisioned an interview beside a lush infinity pool where pretty college coeds served us shrimp cocktails. Our afternoon would finish with massages at the hotel spa and a large bill on someone's corporate credit card — preferably Billabong's. After all, Ryan is currently ranked top 10 on the 'QS and is one of just two young bucks on Bong's entire roster, along with Jack Freestone, being groomed to take the WCT torch from Taj and Parko when the old bulls are put out to pasture. But I guess The Ritz must have been booked.

Ryan opens the door and greets me with a goofy, unpretentious smile. Like any good host, he offers me something to drink — tap water or juice in Rodeway Inn Styrofoam cups — and I politely decline. "I'm really bad at booking places," Ryan tells me as I look out the window, admiring the view of a homeless encampment in the park across the street. "I just looked for somewhere that didn't look too expensive."

What our meeting lacks in glamour, it makes up for in quality clips. Ryan is fresh from a solo road trip to South Oz where he filmed for a SURFING video feature, and before he delivers me his hard drive, he sets his MacBook on the garish motel sheets and we sample the product: full-rotation backside whips by the dozen, combos for days, and quite possibly the biggest frontside slob I've ever seen, landed smoother than a Joe Turpel segue to commercial break. Ryan's essentially delivered the type of banger section it would take most professional freesurfers a year of trips to accumulate, but he's nailed it in a single week, all within driving distance of his Newcastle, NSW, home.

All this begs the question: Why aren't we talking, raving and Internet commenting about Ryan Callinan more? And I have a theory: While his surfing is most definitely five-star, Ryan's image is as humble and unadorned as a budget motel. He has no tattoos. No piercings. No funny hats. No drug problem. No turntables or mixtape. He's not in a band. He doesn't have model good looks. And he's not a black belt in Brazilian jiu-jitsu. He just surfs really f--king well and is friendlier than a golden retriever. But in today's ADHD world of swipe left, swipe right, is that enough to command our attention?

* * *

SURFING: DO YOU THINK ABOUT HOW YOU'RE MARKETED AS AN ATHLETE?

Ryan Callinan: All the time. There are all these different categories and it's funny how you can get labeled into one so easily. "Oh, he was in *Cluster*," or "Oh, he's in the *What Youth* crew so he must be like this." *Stab* did a behind-the-scenes post on *Cluster* the other day and I saw a comment that said, "If Callinan smoked cigarettes he would have had a top-three part in the film." I thought that was pretty funny. I think I'm stuck in the middle of a comp surfer on one side, but then you look at my Instagram and I probably look like I'm trying to be a hipster, putting out artsy stuff.

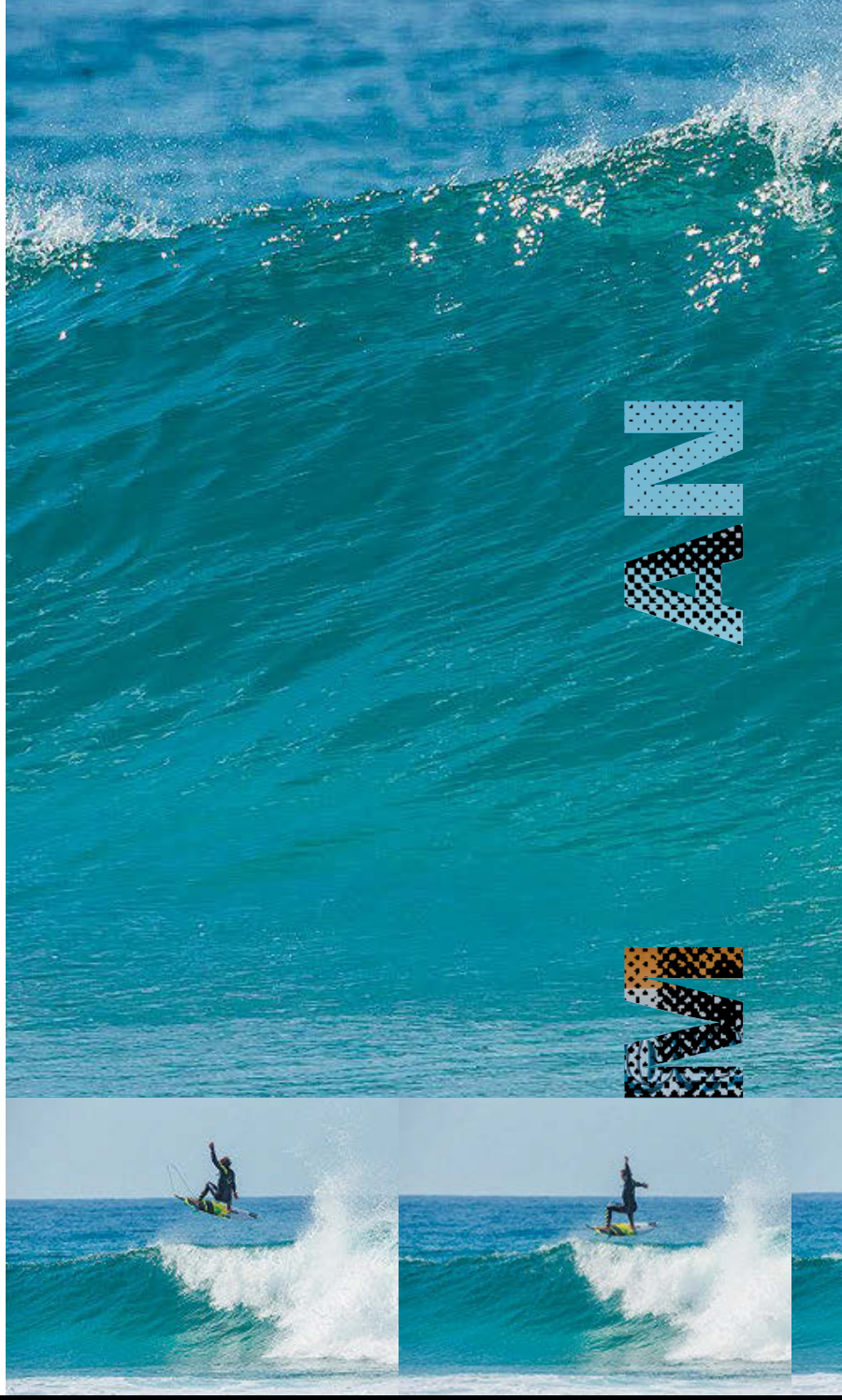
DOES WHAT YOU POST ON YOUR INSTAGRAM REFLECT YOUR PERSONALITY?

I think about it so much and I actually stress myself out. Sometimes I'll post something and a second later I'll think, "No," and take it down. I hate the social media world. I want to go back to times where there was no smartphone and no Instagram. I think about deleting Instagram about once a week.



"I know I'm not one of the models... And that's fine. You'll rarely see me walking up the beach in a pair of boardies. It will normally be an action shot. People don't see too much of me outside of the water, but I'm happy letting my surfing do the talking."

Ryan, out of the water but still speaking volumes.



UV

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO GET RID OF IT?

No. Sponsors these days put so much emphasis on social media: "Can you do this many posts?" or "You've got to post this." What's it to me to put a photo up on my page? It's nothing. It takes like two clicks and makes everyone happy.

IT'S A LOT EASIER THAN DIGGING A DITCH FOR A LIVING.

Exactly. But I don't want to be that guy who's like, "I'd like to thank all my sponsors..." I want my Instagram to be cool shit that people can look at, not just a bunch of products being advertised all the time.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR IMAGE?

One of the guys at Billabong once said to me, "We want you to be a performance guy: have really good action shots and put out crazy clips." I know I'm not one of the models. They've got Jack [Freestone] and Creed [McTaggart] and whoever to do that. And that's fine. You'll rarely see me walking up the beach in a pair of boardies. It will normally be an action shot. People don't see too much of me outside of the water, but I'm happy letting my surfing do the talking.

* * *

Three months before I meet Ryan in San Clemente, I'm sitting in the front row of a boisterous Ace Theatre in downtown L.A. It's world premiere night for *Cluster* and there's a police lineup of freesurfers on stage under the lights. But one of the 20-something, white males stands out from the rest — Ryan Callinan. His hair is (relatively) groomed and he's wearing an ironed Billabong button up that's actually buttoned up. On this evening of statement wardrobes and edgy ink and black nail polish and ironic turtlenecks and not-so-ironic man-buns, Ryan, who looks ready for his high school yearbook photo, is actually the epitome of counterculture.

What a strange paradox, I think, as Creed McTaggart pours half the contents of a cartoon-sized beer stein down his throat (but mostly on his leather jacket) and passes it to his next co-star. Ryan takes a swig and continues to move the giant brew down the line. Meanwhile, our MC for the evening, skater Austyn Gillete, has set his sights on Noa Deane, still fresh from his Surfer Poll fiasco. He sidles up to Noa and attempts to get a statement about everyone's favorite whipping boy, the square ol' WSL. When Noa won't budge, Austyn settles for leading the crowd — or part of it, at least — in a chant of "F--k the WSL."

Because it's easy to make fun of folks who aren't present, and we're not in Hawaii, and none of the fine surfers on tonight's stage appear to have any ambition of competing on surfing's biggest stage. Whoops! Except for Ryan, who is grinding it out on the 'QS and flies home in less than 48 hours to prepare for the Australian leg — and Jack Freestone, but Jack's eyes are bloodshot and he doesn't appear to be aware of the political campaign being made on his behalf. Ryan meanwhile looks a little too aware, wringing his wrists and smiling awkwardly, almost like he wants to hide behind the curtain. Caught between two worlds, he doesn't look nearly drunk enough for this uncomfortable situation. Come to think of it, neither am I.

* * *

DO YOU THINK FREESURFING AND CONTEST SURFING HAVE TO BE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE?

I think the media portrays it that way, but it's not as hard as people think to do both. We get months off at a time where we're just doing nothing. At least 80 percent of the guys on the 'QS have someone filming them almost every session. So they're still filming, they're just not classified as a "freesurfer." I think it just depends on where you put more emphasis — and on your contest results. If you're doing well in contests, they're like, "Oh, he's a contest guy." And if you start getting good results *and* put out good clips, then people don't really know what to think.

OK, SO ARE YOU A CONTEST SURFER OR A FREESURFER OR BOTH?

Last year I was concentrating more on filming and getting clips for movies and going to contests was secondary. This year feels more about going to the contests and filming is second. When I went to the *Cluster* premiere in L.A. I felt like that was my sendoff for my freesurfing campaign for a while. I wasn't going to go to the premiere because I had a training session in Yamba with my coach [Richard "Dog" Marsh], and Kai [Neville] was like, "Dude, you've got to come, it's going to be amazing. The theater is f--ked up, there's going to be hundreds of people there." He fully sold it to me. I flew over for two nights and flew home the third. It was so worth it.

THAT'S A VERY LITERAL EXAMPLE OF HAVING TO CHOOSE BETWEEN A FREESURF PATH OR A CONTEST FOCUS.

Afterward it was like, "That's it. It's done. Now it's time to focus." But I think I needed that.

TO HAVE ONE LAST BLOWOUT?

Yeah.

AT THE PREMIERE, WHAT WERE YOU THINKING WHEN AUSTYN GILLETTE WAS ON STAGE WITH YOU GUYS, TRYING TO GET THE CROWD TO CHANT "F--K THE WSL"?

It was an interesting moment, because I'm in the middle of that whole thing. I'm all for the WSL. Even Noa [Deane] didn't want to say anything that night. I think [Austyn] tried to get Noa to say something about it and Noa was like, "I cant." It felt super awkward. I kind of backed in behind the other guys on stage [laughs]. The WSL is trying to do great things and I'm trying to get up there, so I just didn't want to be a part of that. It wasn't a huge blowup of a thing like the Surfer Poll. But I still felt a bit awkward.

* * *

Our waitress' low-cut top reveals a set of bolt-ons and a mermaid tattoo. Her eyes, meanwhile, reveal a thing for Australian accents. Ryan orders a lemonade (his heat starts in 24 hours) and one of the derels at the bar gives a condescending laugh. "Don't mind him. You can have whatever you want," the mermaid tells Ryan with a wink.

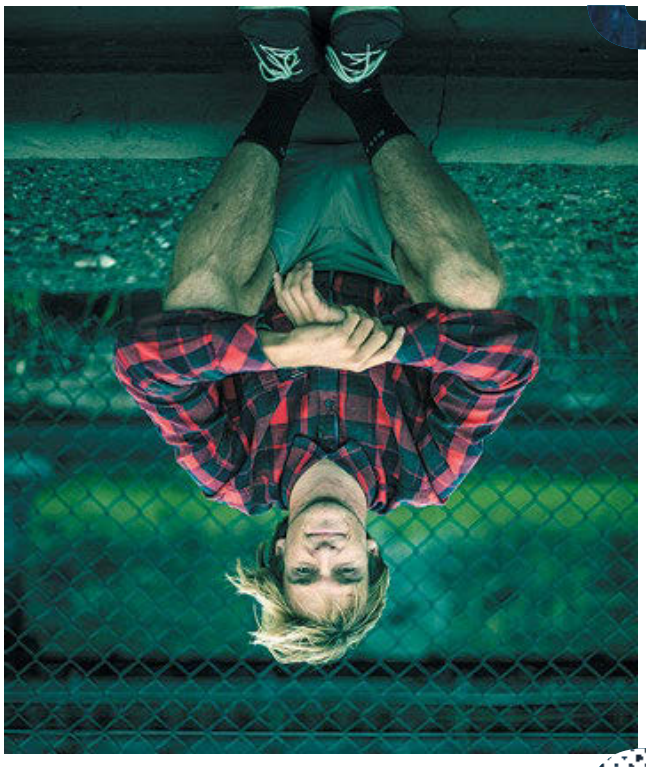
We've come to this divey San Clemente sports bar to watch Game 4 of the Clippers-Spurs series. Ryan used to play basketball competitively (his mom once played on the Australian national team) and we join the rowdy afternoon crowd already several rounds deep and screaming at the TV.

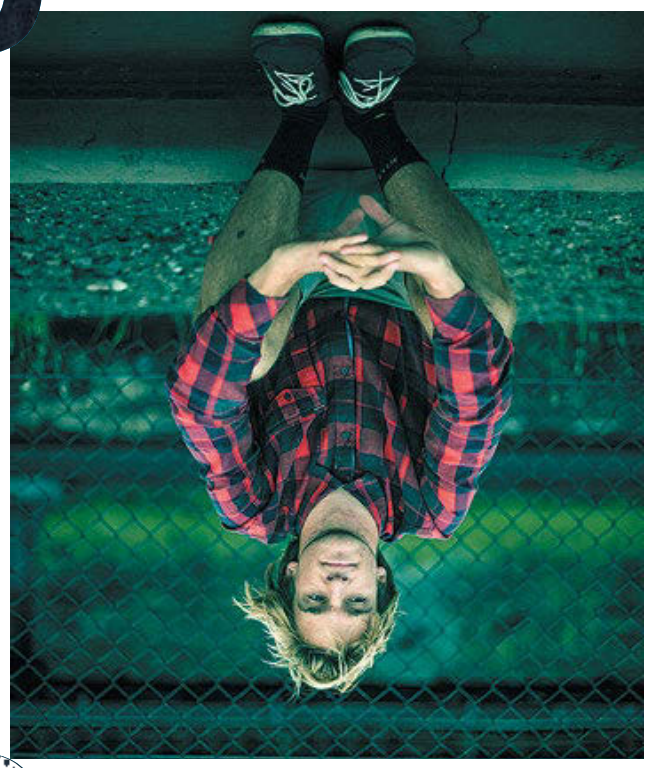
Ah, the NBA Playoffs. On the flat-screen, Chris Paul bangs into Tony Parker mercilessly. Freakishly large men shove, elbow, talk shit, scream and plead with the officials. Technicals are doled out. There's even a near brawl. I look over at Ryan, lost in the drama of the game, and wonder if, beneath his harmless exterior, he possesses the fire and intensity required to win at the highest level.

But back to our waitress, who's sending more signals than a satellite. Ryan's either oblivious to it or just not good at playing the game. He lacks the swagger and puffed chest of your typical pro athlete. His relaxed shoulders and boyish smile say, "Pleased to meet you," not "I'm a sex symbol."

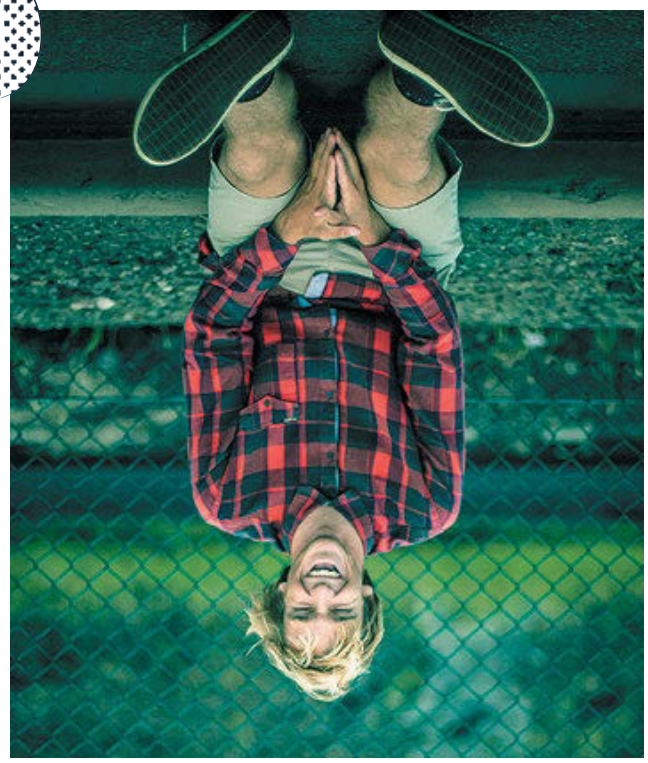
I ask Ryan if he has a girlfriend. "Yeah, we've been dating for about a year. It's a first for me." I'm confused. While he'll never be named to *People Magazine*'s Most Beautiful list, Ryan's a good-looking kid. Supremely talented. Successful. Likable. So why no girlfriend until now? Because he was having too much fun living the single life on tour? Because why pick just one? Because girls, girls, girls?

"I was scared of 'em," he says with a laugh. And I get the feeling he's not entirely joking.









“I want to go back to times where there was no smartphone and no Instagram. I think about deleting Instagram about once a week.”

Followers? F--k ‘em. Ryan, more than happy to trade screen time for tube time in Oz.


G
UY

* * *

DID YOU GO TO NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL?

I did those four years and got what in Oz is called your school certificate. Everyone gets it. It's hard to fail. But it was good to accomplish something. After that I left school and started working for my dad. He owns a business building retaining walls and access roads out of recycled tires, and he was giving me work three days a week shoveling rocks and making walls, blowing my back out trying to lift heavy objects. I didn't actually work that much, probably only six months. But I remember a couple afternoons racing home to try and grab a surf after work, and just being so psyched on surfing. It was a real eye-opener, like, "I don't want to do this for the rest of my life." I think it definitely motivated me in my surfing career and it was good for me to see how people that work trades live every day.

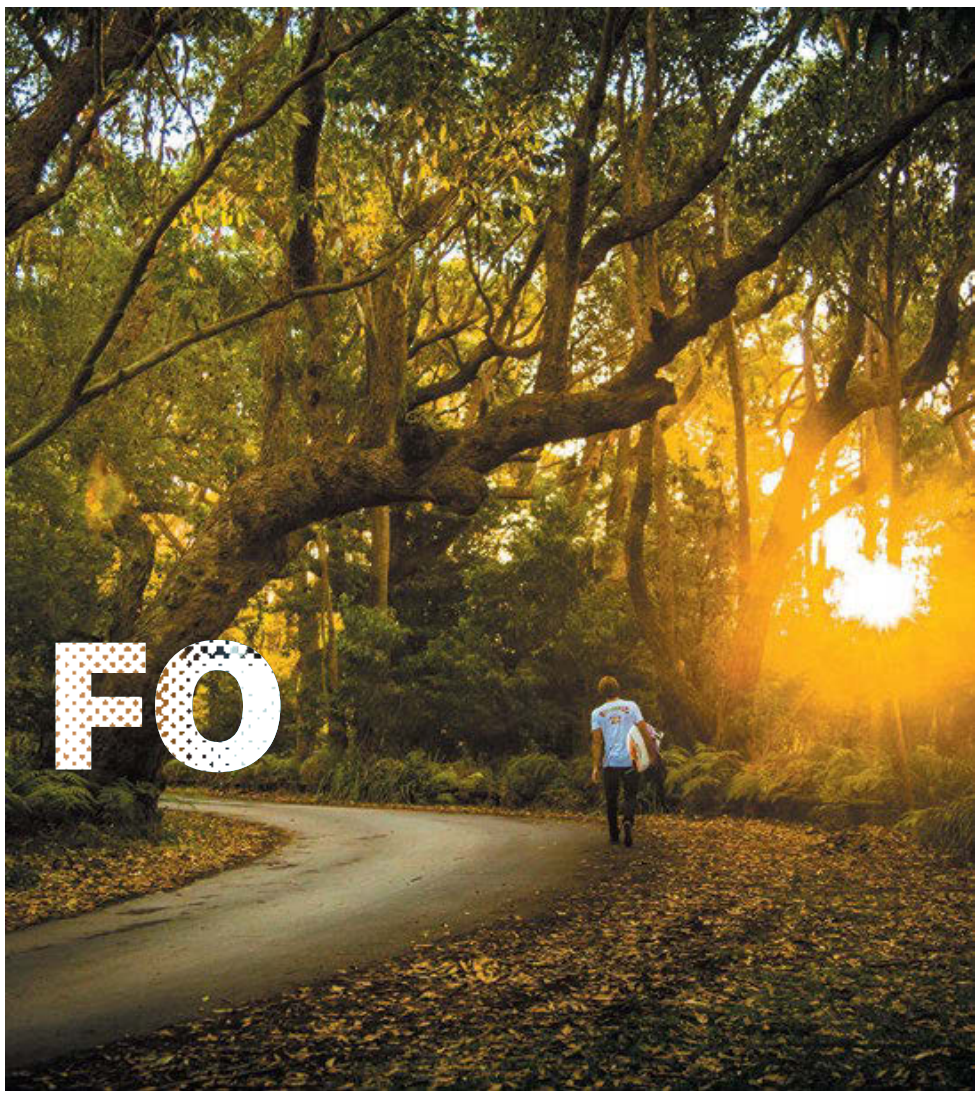
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER BEEN TO NEWCASTLE, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR HOMETOWN?

Friendly? It doesn't feel like a city, although it is. Everyone is really welcoming and supportive. It's a pretty big city but it still has a country feel.

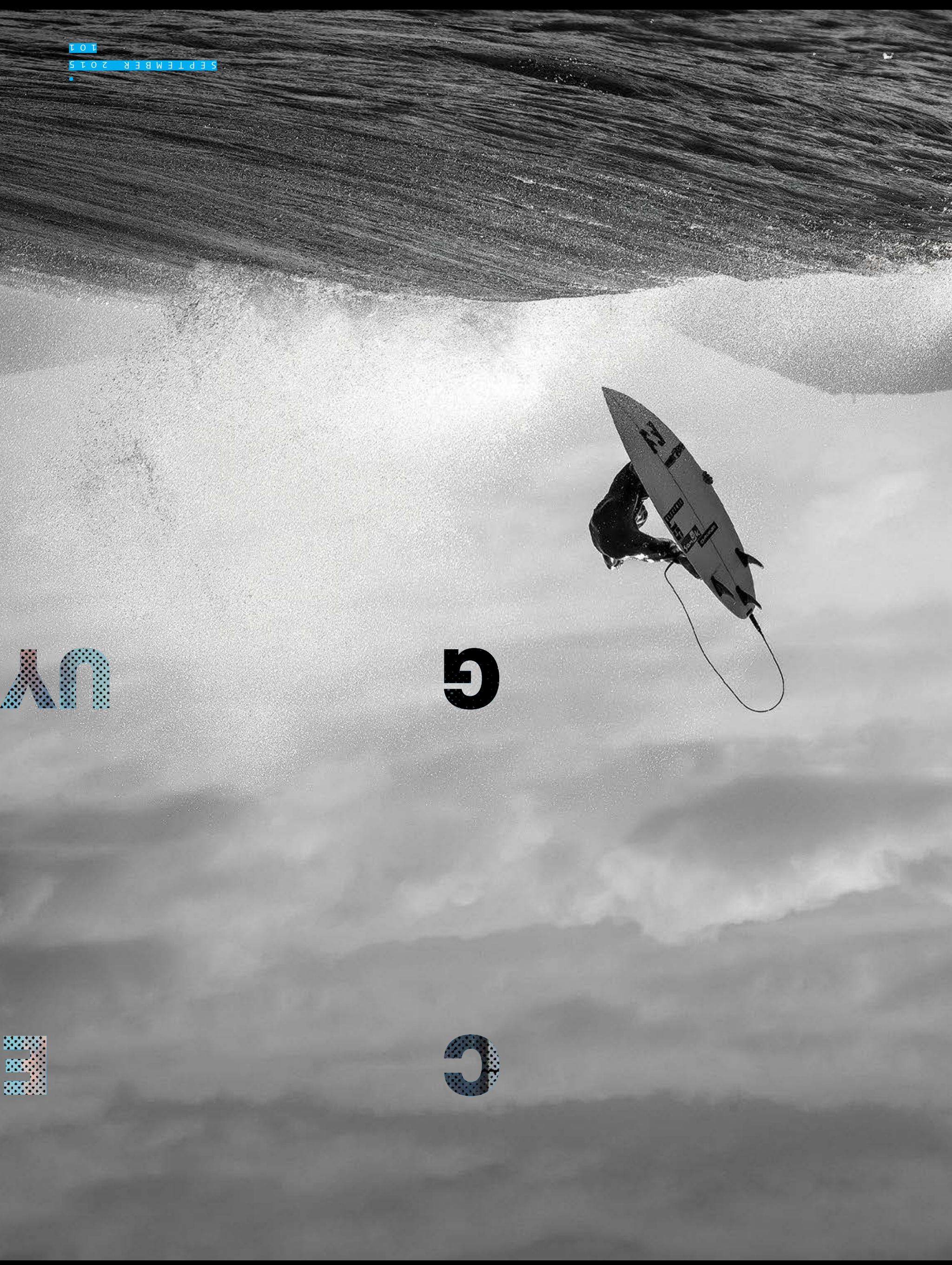
WHAT HAS GROWING UP THERE TAUGHT YOU?

I think about that stuff often. Like, if I grew up somewhere else, would I be the same person? I think it's taught me respect more than anything. We've got so many great surfers from there: Matt Hoy, Mark Richards, even Andrew Johns, who's one of the best Rugby League players ever. There are so many people from Newcastle that are at such a high level of sport. They deserve so much respect. So probably I learned to respect the old guys.

"After [finishing school] I started working for my dad. He owns a business building retaining walls and access roads out of recycled tires, and he was giving me work three days a week shoveling rocks and making walls, blowing my back out trying to lift heavy objects."



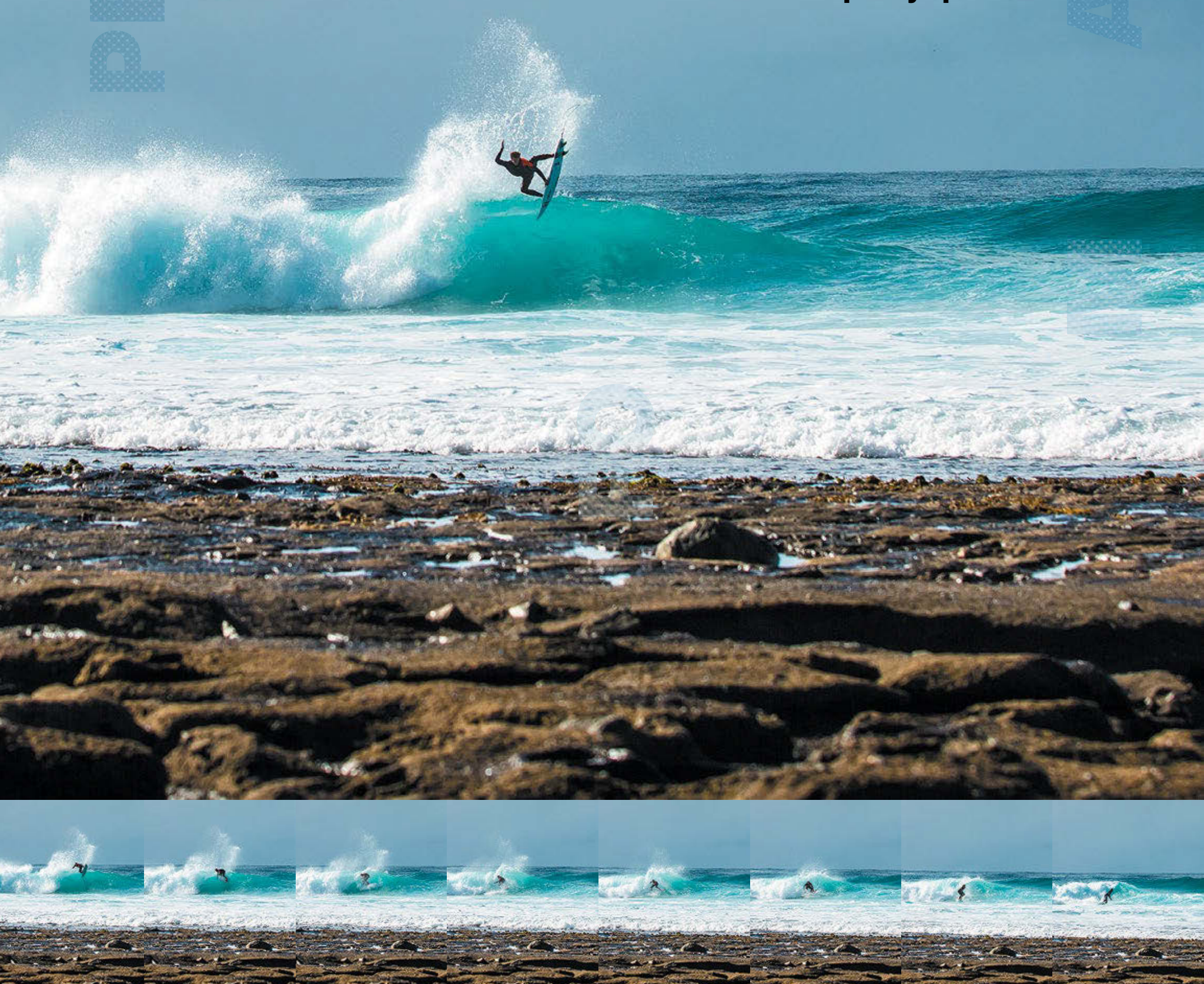
Raised with a blue collar and without a silver spoon, Ryan's had no trouble transferring the work ethic he gleaned on land into the ocean. He's much better at hucking slob threes than shoveling rocks, anyway.





With wedges like this all over the place, it's no wonder Ryan feels such a strong connection to his Newcastle roots. Firmly planted close to home. PHOTOS: MICHAEL MCARTHUR

"What makes me the happiest is surfing [at home] in the afternoon, and then coming up to the car park and just sitting there and talking after you've had a fun surf with all your mates. It's pretty special to me."



DOESN'T MR STILL RUN A SURF SHOP AT MEREWETHER BEACH?

Yeah, he lives right on the beach and he has a surf shop just back in town. When I had my injuries I remember MR rang me one day on our home phone. My mom answered and was like, "MR? What do you want?" He told me, "I just want to let you know, don't go back too soon, don't push it. You've got plenty of time, you're still young." I was so surprised. He didn't have to do that. Stuff like that is so rad, to have people from home be so supportive. To have him call you up and talk to you like one of your mates checking up on you — except he's a four-time world champion.

WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPIEST?

There's this little wave at home called The Rocks and it's just a weird right shelf. It's really tricky to surf if you don't know how to surf it but it's really fun if you do. I think what makes me the happiest is just surfing out there in the afternoon, and then coming up to the car park and there's normally a group of us in the car park. Someone will have some beers. Just sitting there and talking after you've had a fun surf with all your mates. It's pretty special to me.

* * *

Ryan had the good fortune to draw Kelly Slater in his Round 1 heat at Lowers, along with 2014 WCTer Mitch Crews and Jack Robinson. It's without question the most stacked heat of the opening round. I stake out a spot on the beach next to a pack of rabid Kelly fans to watch the start of Ryan's Lowers campaign. How would Mr. Nice Guy respond in a heat against the most hypercompetitive surfer in the history of the sport? Kelly won his first major here in 1990 and since then he's made eight 'CT finals for six wins at Trestles.

It's small, windswelly Lowers with some punchy lefts tailor-made for Ryan. In between an unusual amount of chitchat and smiles in the water between Kelly and Ryan, Ryan snags the two best lefts of the next 30 minutes, tagging them with a series of fluid, vertical, fins-free lip smacks, no double pump required.

When the horn sounds, Kelly and Ryan are moving on, but it's Ryan who takes the heat in impressive, businesslike fashion. Even the Kelly camp is giving Ryan a well-deserved round of applause as he signs a few autographs for groms on the beach. Because the truth is, Ryan's surfing is made for prime time. It's too good, too spontaneous and too pure to ignore. And while his approach





doesn't make for good reality TV, you don't hate yourself for watching, either.

* * *

DO YOU NEED A KILLER INSTINCT IN ORDER TO BE A SUCCESSFUL COMPETITIVE SURFER?

I surfed a heat against Bede Durbidge at the Australian Open and I was blown away by how intense he was in the water. He's a 'CT guy who always seems to get top 10 and always seems to requalify easily, so I figured he'd just be out there having fun, just a warm-up for the 'CT, you know. But he was out there being so intense, paddling really close to people and putting lots of pressure on them. It was pretty awesome to see how serious he took everyone. I was like, "Whoa. This is what you've got to do? This is crazy!" Now I realize how he's gotten so many results: He's so intense. But then on land he's so mellow and really nice and doesn't have that focus or that intensity at all. It was crazy to see him flip the switch.





THAT'S THE OLD SPORTS ADAGE: FRIENDSHIP ENDS WHEN YOU STEP ON THE COURT.

A lot of people have told me, "You need to be more aggressive," or "You're a bit too mellow, you never take the inside." I think the priority system has helped me a lot. Apart from the start of the heat, you can just sit and wait your turn. I used to get hassled out a lot. I'm more about just surfing in the heat. Trust me, if I'm in second and the guy behind me doesn't need much, I'll be the first to sit on him. But I'd much rather try and go wave for wave on scores and see who gets the higher score.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO SURF A HEAT WITH RYAN CALLINAN?

I like talking to people before I go in the water. Even when I'm in the water I'm still trying to talk. I think it probably throws a lot of people off. I don't do that on purpose. I'm just genuinely out there going, "Hey! How was that last one?" And they're usually like, "What are you talking to me for?"

MOST GUYS IN A HEAT AREN'T VERY SOCIAL?

Minimal words. One-word answers. It's like, "These are fun waves, huh?" "Yup." A lot of guys don't even look at each other, just straight at the horizon, waiting for waves. There are the guys you know who like to talk. But even some guys that you know really personally, they fully switch on in a heat.

DO NICE GUYS FINISH LAST?

I think as a general rule in life that's complete bullshit. But I can see scenarios where it would have some truth. Obviously, in business there are times when you've got to be ruthless. But it's just as important to be nice at the right times, too. A couple years ago, when there was hassling in all the 'QS events, that was a bit of a nightmare for me. You'd just get harassed. But in the end I think people get what they deserve. If you're nice enough and you mean well, it's going to come back around. But if you're a dickhead, it's probably going to come back and bite you.

* * *



Mick Fanning

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LUKE AND CAROLINE MARKS

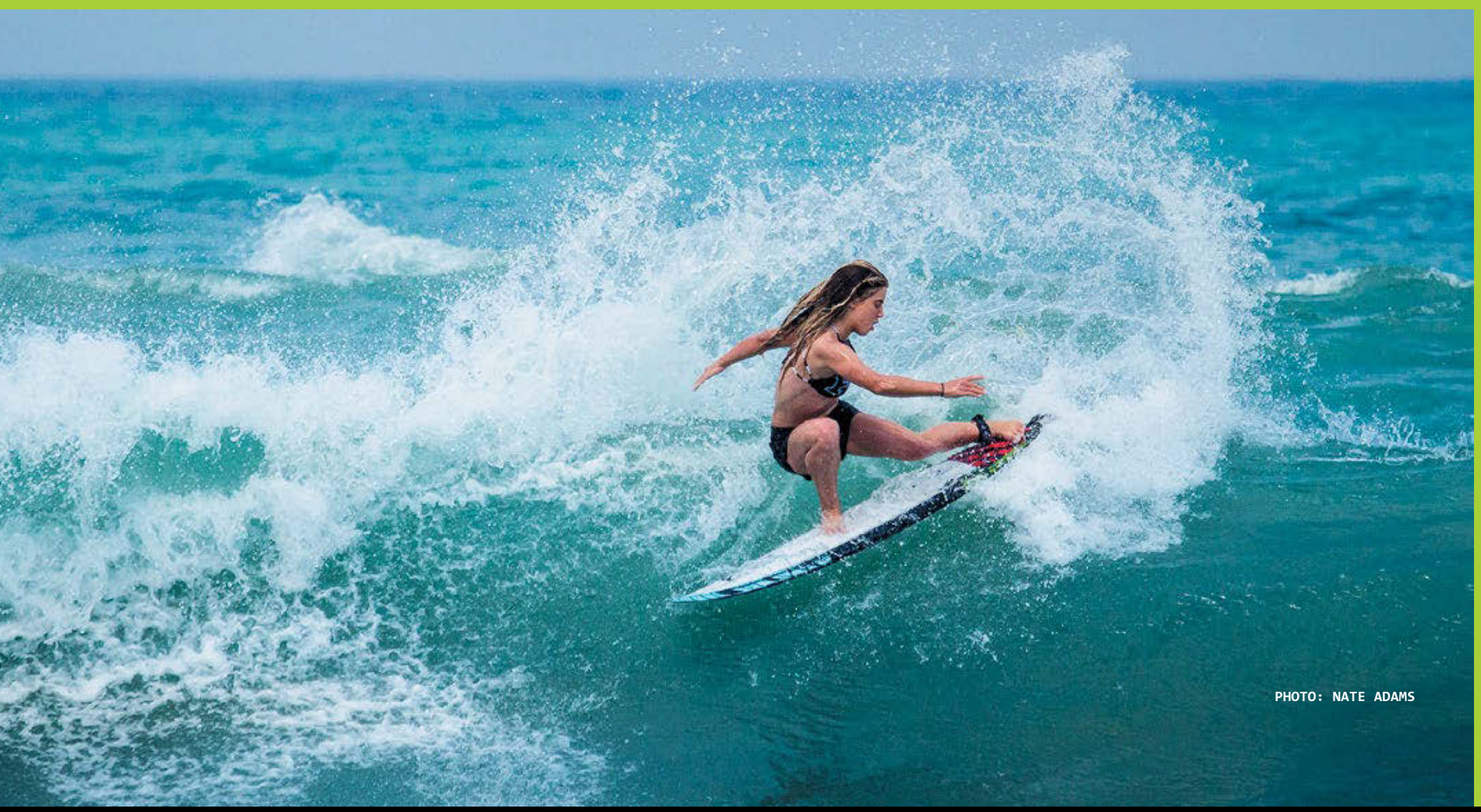
HOMETOWN: MELBOURNE BEACH, FLORIDA

SCHOOL: FLORIDA VIRTUAL

AGE: LUKE: 16, CAROLINE: 13

SPONSORS: LUKE: FOX, SMITH OPTICS, GROM SOCIAL, ORION SURFBOARDS, MAUI NIX, FCS, GORILLA GRIP, LONG DOGGERS. CAROLINE: FOX, SMITH OPTICS, GROM SOCIAL, RON JON SURF SHOP, CHEMISTRY SURFBOARDS, FCS, RED BULL, LONG DOGGERS

From the Hobgoods, Lopezes and Geiselmans to Luke and Caroline Marks, Florida produces siblings that shred. Having a brother (or in this case, sister) to motivate you to paddle out in mediocre surf on a regular basis clearly makes a difference. Luke and Caroline just won Open Mens and Open Womens at the NSSA East Coast Championships, making them the first brother/sister duo to capture the two most prestigious divisions...ever. Now, they're headed to Nationals together — probably bickering like siblings do — but definitely planning to fly home to Florida after the event with more matching hardware. —Dryden Brown



The Original

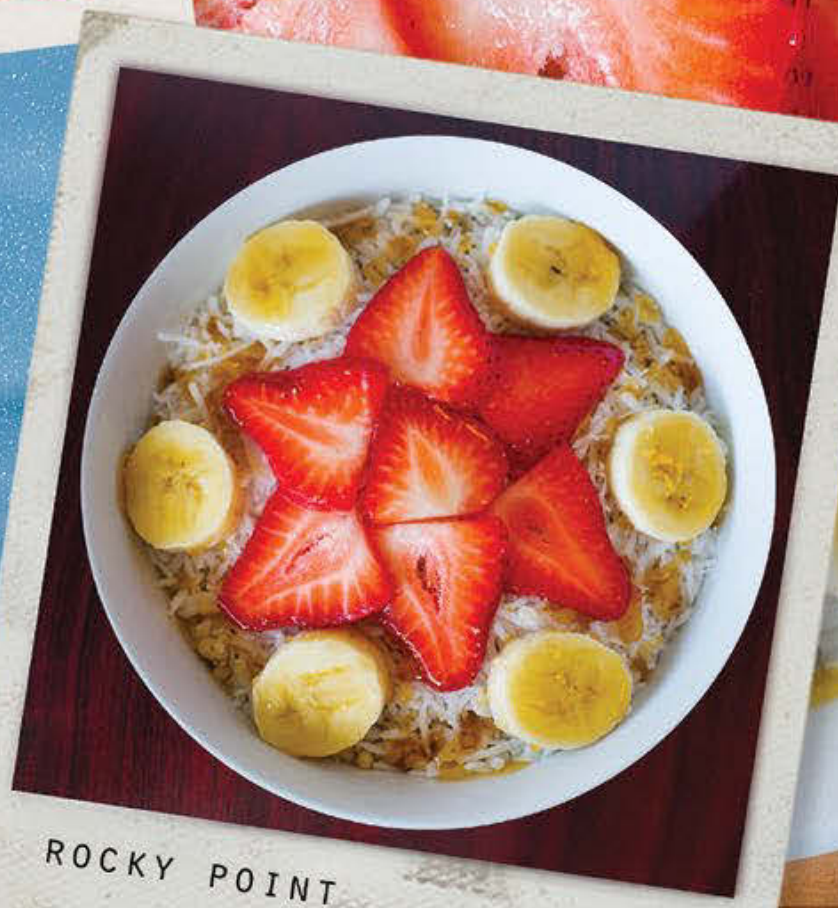
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PHOTO: FOSTER



ROCKY POINT

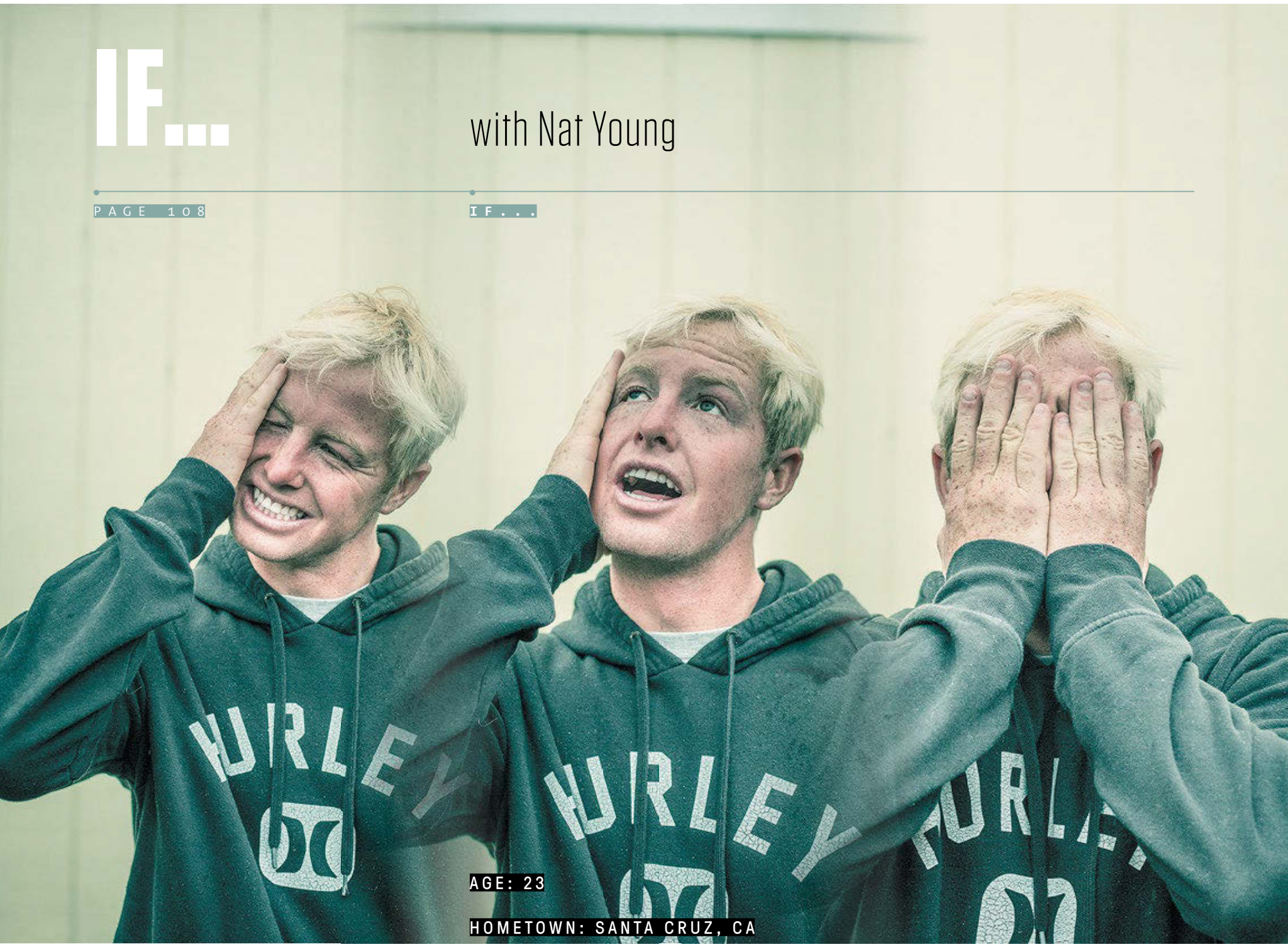


FLAVOR CHASER

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IF...

with Nat Young



AGE: 23

HOMETOWN: SANTA CRUZ, CA

HOMEBREAK: THE LANE

PHOTOS: RYAN CRAIG

If you had to give one piece of advice on how to do a backside snap... The bottom turn is key.

If you had to name your top five Santa Cruz surfers of all time... Flea, Barney, Ratboy, AR, Ruffo.

If you were regularfoot... I'd hardly go left at home.

If you could only listen to one musical artist for the rest of your life... Drake.

If you weren't a professional surfer... I would have played baseball or basketball and gone to a good college.

If you saw a shark while out surfing... I'd go in.

If you had to name your biggest rival... Kolohe.

If you could re-surf any heat in your career... My final against Kai Otton in Portugal.

If you had to live in one place without surf... San Francisco.

If you could only surf one wave for the rest of your life... Cloudbreak.

If you had to name your biggest inspiration... Mick Fanning.

If you had one wish... That my dad was still around.

If you could change one thing about Santa Cruz... The druggies that live here.

If you had 24 hours left to live, what would you do? Hang out with the people that mean the most to me.

If you had to name your biggest regret... Having to transfer to home school.

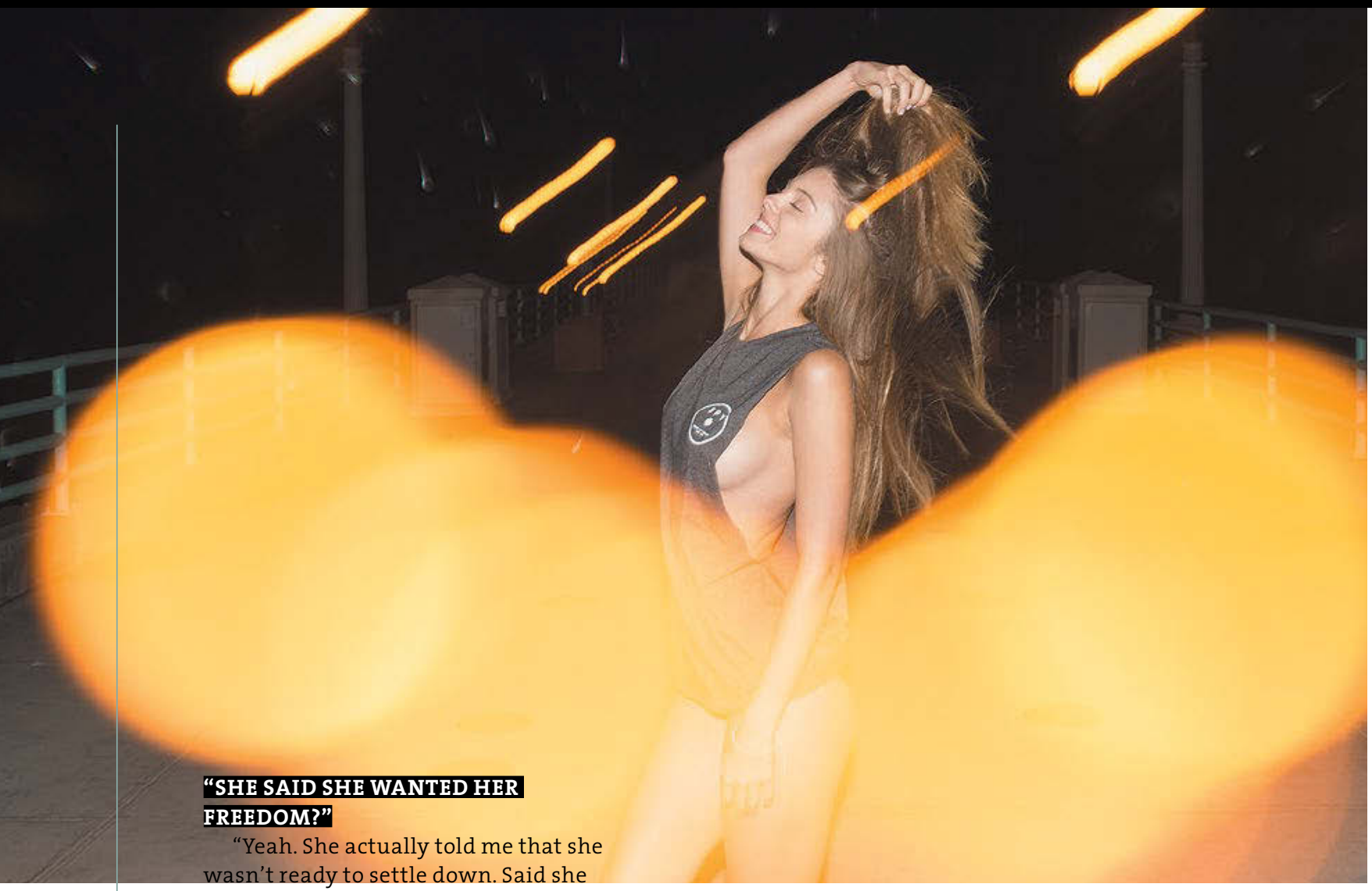
If you had to tell me a joke... I'm not good at planned humor.

ILLIMITABLE

KIRON JABOUR



alpinestars



"SHE SAID SHE WANTED HER FREEDOM?"

"Yeah. She actually told me that she wasn't ready to settle down. Said she wanted to travel."

"Hold on. Isn't this the same girl that complained about all your traveling?"

"Yes."

"The same girl that wanted to move in together?"

"Yes."

"The same girl that had engagement rings bookmarked on her computer?"

"Yes."

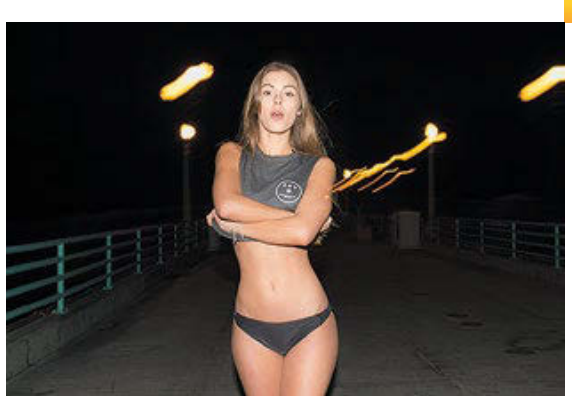
"But isn't this also the same girl that you'd been talking about breaking up with for all those reasons?"

"Yeah."

"So this is a good thing."

"I don't know, man...I think I gotta get her back."





Model: Carmella Rose

PHOTOS: COREY WILSON

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Tanner Gudauskas

photo: Foster

JACK'S
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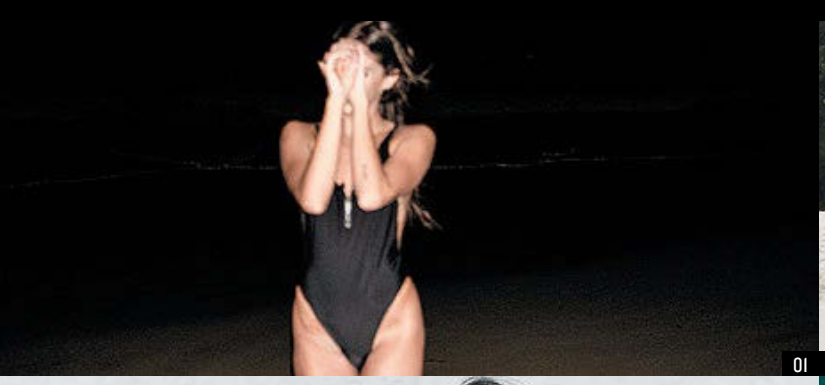
corona del mar

dana point

irvine

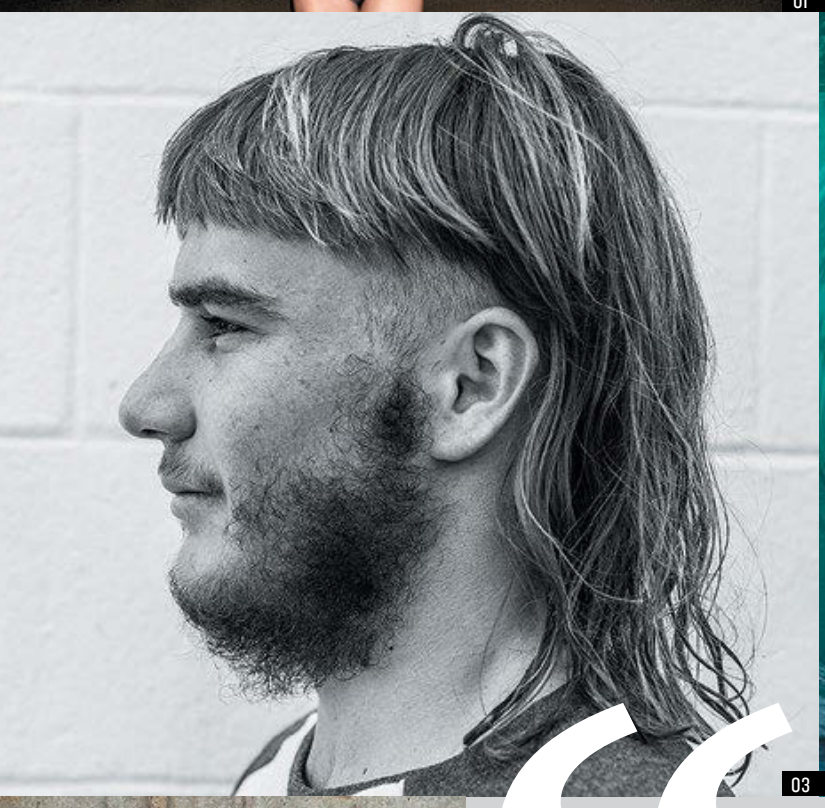
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01 02





03 04



05

A QUOTE WE CUT:

“Kelly didn’t call me but I sent him a text and he was like, ‘You shoulda pulled it.’” —Matt Meola

1. See no evil. Feel free to speak, hear and hopefully feel some though. PHOTO: COREY WILSON **2.** Ain’t no mountain high enough, ain’t no valley low enough, ain’t no river wide enough, ain’t no shoe dry enough to keep RYAN CALLINAN from getting to you, babe. PHOTO: TROY SIMPSON **3.** A mullet becomes a skullet when it hurts to look at. MIKEY WRIGHT, there. PHOTO: COREY WILSON **4.** Close only counts in horseshoes and not dying. Anonymous and the latter. PHOTO: COREY WILSON **5.** Apparently, dogs love drugs. PHOTO: TROY SIMPSON **6.** COREY WILSON, post-Coachella. PHOTO: COREY WILSON **7.** SHAUN HARRINGTON is literally all smiles. PHOTO: COREY WILSON **8.** “Yo, you got that bag?” PHOTO:COREY WILSON **9.** MICK FANNING might not be keeping up with the younger generation when it comes to airs. Lifestyle photos, however, are a different story. PHOTO: COREY WILSON



06



07 08



09



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Channel Islands
SURFBOARDS



Parker Coffin | Photo: Sherm

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